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Farm, Garden and Household.

Poultry Raising as a Business.

Occasional letters from young people asking for advice about engaging in poultry keeping as a business, are addressed to us. The writers wish to make some money, and the prices that chickens and eggs sell for at certain seasons, seem to warrant an effort in this direction.

One young lady writes that she has already bought a trio of Partridge Cochins, another trio of Buffs, and a few specimens of some other kinds, and wishes to know at what price we will procure a trio of two or three different kinds that she is anxious to add to her collection.

We fear that the replies these people get to their letters afford but small encouragement to go very largely into the hen business. We do not know of any branch of farming that gives greater promise of success, or which people begin with more enthusiasm, nor one that they leave with greater disgust, than raising chickens and eggs. Corn at seventy-five cents a bushel; one and a half bushels a year's supply for a fowl; 200 eggs at forty to sixty cents per dozen, and one or two broods of chickens, at from three to thirty dollars per trio, must be very profitable farming. The city people who pay sixty to seventy-five cents per pound for spring chickens in May, wonder that farmers don't raise more poultry,—it must be so profitable!

And so when a city family go out into the country to live on a farm, the first move is to secure a stock of poultry. Imagination sees a plate of ham and eggs for breakfast every morning, and a pair of chickens every Sunday, at least, besides any quantity for market. The books and papers are read and reread to decide which and how many kinds it is best to keep. There must be kinds that will lay in summer, and kinds that will lay in winter, and kinds that will lay all the year through. They must have sitters, and non-sitters, layers and mothers; and, for variety, a few of the fancy sorts.

Then comes the loads of posts and rails and laths for fences, for the several kinds must be kept apart, especially if fancy prices are expected from the sale of eggs or chickens. So up go fences, two laths high—we have seen fences ten or twelve feet high; and in go specimens as they arrive from the dealers in pure poultry. And now for corn, and meal, and shorts, and oats, and wheat screenings, and scraps and shells, and lime, and gravel, and cabbage—all sorts of greens and vegetables—and the ashes, and sulphur and tobacco, and a little of the new *patent* hen feed, and the peppercorns, and the spices, and even some cider and ale—for fowls need a *variety* of food, and when they are sick they must be doctored. And all the poultry shows must be attended, to see if there are any new, or better breeds lately introduced, and to compare notes, and learn all the best modes of managing poultry to have it pay. What crowds of eager listeners we have seen gathered round some showman to hear his wonderful stories of the profits of poultry breeding, especially if they are the *new* sorts, such as he has now on exhibition, and of which he can spare a few, and will take orders for eggs for setting and for trios of chickens next fall, at prices ranging from four to twelve dollars per dozen for eggs, and ten to thirty dollars per trio for chickens. And what numbers of disappointed amateurs we have known who had been the patrons of this class of poultry breeders.

Young people who are just beginning in the poultry business are apt to hold too high expectations of the profits to come, and too low an estimate of the perplexities, drawbacks and losses, that generally attend it. Cold weather, vermin and filth are the three great drawbacks to success in keeping poultry, whether in large or small numbers. Thousands of chickens are hatched in February and March every year, that only give to their owners a few weeks of great care, and then die. We have had hundreds that did not seem to have any particular disease, only the want of strength to live. They would be bright and healthy for a couple of weeks, till their feathers began to grow, and till they were large enough to run about and not keep under the hen all the time, when they would begin to grow dumpish, their legs would get weak, and in a few days they would be dead. Then the number of chickens destroyed every year by rats, skunks, hawks and lice is incalculable. We have had nearly half a hundred drawn from under the hens into a cellar wall in a single night by the wharf rats. The number annually destroyed by lice is probably as great as by all other vermin; and the number killed by the various applications for destroying lice is by no means small.

But of all the drawbacks to the profits or pleasures of poultry keeping, *filth* stands at the head. Fowls at large are the most filthy nuisances one can have about his yards or buildings; and if they are confined, it is little better, unless the yards are large, and much pains are taken to keep them cleanly. It is just these difficulties in the way of success, that makes prices rule high for poultry and eggs, compared with prices of other food.

To persons seeking our advice, we say: begin in a small way, and go carefully. There is profit in it, if you will only learn how to get it out. Poultry and eggs are high, compared with the prices of corn and other food that may be fed to hens and chickens. Don't keep many kinds. One variety is generally better than more, unless you are going to breed for the fancy trade, and we can't recommend that at all.

We have seen so much disappointment among those who have bought from dealers who keep many kinds, that we are careful not to encourage trade with them. We don't mean to say that dealers are not honest; but that poultry stock is difficult stock to breed pure, where many varieties are kept on the same place. For instance, we know of one large dealer who received a handsome income from the nest of a pair of French fowls; during the season the eggs sold at twelve dollars per dozen; but, as he remarked to a confident, "the hen business is extremely perplexing; I had an old Cochin that would, in spite of all I could do, get in with my French fowls and lay in their nest every day, and her eggs looked just like the others."

For raising chickens or eggs for the table, one kind is enough, and there are several breeds that are each good enough for all practical purposes. After selecting your breed, keep it pure if possible, and keep it up to the standard. Save the best and most healthy specimen for breeders. Weed out all imperfect and inferior birds. Feed liberally on a variety of food. Keep your stock through the winter in warm, dry, clean quarters. Keep no more than you have *ample* room for. Change stock often. Young fowls lay better than old ones. Growing chickens may have corn by them all the time. Laying hens had better have oats than corn by them constantly. We think corn a little too fattening for layers, especially if they are the large breeds.

For the sake of the general appearance of the surroundings of your door-yard, keep your fowls confined most of the time, but not in a small yard. If you keep the Asiatics, a four-foot picket fence, as we know by actual experience, is all that will be needed to keep them in a yard that is as large as it should be. If you can make it convenient, it would be an excellent plan to have two yards to be used in alternate years, first for the hens and then as a garden. Or if you can give them the run of an orchard, both the fowls and the trees will be the gainers by the arrangment.

We know quite a number of persons among our acquaintances who are doing a good business at raising poultry and eggs for the market. One we have in mind who formerly worked out at carpentering and other mechanical work, away from home, who is now growing some 400 Brahmas per year, for the early Boston market. By making this a specialty, and being at home all the time and attending to his business, he has been able to get chickens out in good numbers early enough to bring the high prices; has sold as high as 65c. per pound the first of June birds, weighing 2 1-2 lbs. each dressed. His yearly income has usually been about $2.00 profit from each fowl kept, though sometimes more.

Near by is another, a single man, who almost lives in the family with his hens. He keeps his buildings warmed by fire heat, and uses one of the artificial incubators. Has a vegetable garden in connection with his poultry yard, and gets a large item of income from the manure which is all gathered every day, thus keeping the premises clean and healthy. He did not give us the exact figures, but believed his books would show a profit of full $2.00 per head for each old bird kept through the year.

Poultry if intelligently managed will pay well; but it does not follow that because a dozen fowls running freely about ones premises are profitable, that a hundred or two hundred on the same ground would be equally profitable in proportion to their numbers. They must have room, and it is the want of it perhaps, more than any one thing, that makes it more difficult to obtain equal returns per head from large as from small flocks. [N. E. Farmer.

Sheep and Worn-Out Farms.

At a Farmers' Club, at Morrisville, Vt., Mr. R. G. Hill, in an address upon Cotswold sheep and their value, said:

The one great trouble in stocking the country with sheep, and supplying the demand both for wool and mutton, is the fear among many farmers of paying too much for them, though it is plain enough to be seen they are a great improvement over our common sheep; so they go on raising inferior stock in which there is no profit all their lives, because they fear to run a little risk. Their children are led to think farming a hard, unprofitable business, and leave the first opportunity. Now let the farmer commence with a few of these sheep, and have his children share in the care and profit of them; they will soon feel an interest, and no longer think farming unprofitable. There is no employment on the farm so remunerative and so attractive for children as the care of lambs. The importance of improving old, worn-out pastures is apparent to every farmer. There is no way this can be done so easy as in keeping sheep; it will take but a few years to double its value.

The Cotswolds are just the kind to improve springy, swaley pastures. They will thrive on rank, coarse feed, bringing in the white clover and are the best stock that can be kept for the pasture, but for keeping up the supply of hay they are generally supposed to be inferior to other stock. Now the improvement of our mowings as well as our pasture should be considered. No farmer can succeed unless he can keep up his hay crop, and it is of great importance that he should ascertain the best kind of stock for doing this. Having myself commenced farming on a hard, worn-out farm that would not yield one-half a ton to the acre, no one has studied this subject more closely than I have, although some have succeeded better. For twenty years I have milked from twenty to forty cows. For about fifteen years have kept from fifty to one hundred. Knowing that it was generally considered that sheep were not equal to cows to keep up the mowing I determined to satisfy myself which was best.

Some ten years since I commenced feeding the hay on a small farm exclusively to sheep. This lot was in fair condition, yielding about one ton per acre. I let the sheep have the stable, spread the manure on the grass, going over one-half of it each year. The grass continued to increase until it yielded not less than three tons to the acre. The manure from this yield gave it a heavy dressing. For a year or two the grass has not been as heavy; the ground appears to be burnt with manure. Last spring I plowed a part of it to re-seed and sowed it with wheat, it grew very rank, but the weeds grew ranker—such weeds as grow on very rich ground. This land had been dressed with clean manure from the stable, and the grass had been free from weeds. There had been no manure put on previous to plowing. That such weeds should grow on a sward, shows the ground to be very rich.

Tight Barns.

"W. B. J." of Hardwick, Mass., who has kept cows for nearly thirty years, and who has tried both open and tight barns, writes to the Boston Cultivator that he finds the latter far preferable in our cold climate, but he would have the barn so constructed that it can be thoroughly ventilated at pleasure. He says, I feed good hay and regularly; keep my cows in the barn most of the time in cold weather; water twice a day in the barn; keep them well bedded, clean out the stable twice a day, and sometimes three times. I find farmers, not a few in this town, say their cows won't drink but once a day. I say to such, I guess you don't give them a chance; try a tight barn, and one that is warm. Farmers, when you begin to pinch your cows in drink, you bring leanness upon cows, it not in your purses; you might as well pinch in feed as in drink, for either or both will cause that leanness of which farmers so much complain in these days.

I think if farmers will try tight barns, with good hay with water twice a day and clean stables, with good warm bedding, that two-thirds of the feed used in an open barn will keep the cows in much better condition. I can direct you to a farmer in this town who kept his cows, some twelve or sixteen, in the barn all winter, with plenty of water in the stable, and he told me that he did not feed two-thirds as much hay as when they were turned out to stand round and shiver in the cold, as was formerly done, and the cows were in much better condition than when left out in the cold.

STRANGLES IN COLT. This complaint, known very commonly as distemper, is nothing serious. The swelling which appears at the junction of the jaws and throat will in time break of itself and disappear. The only treatment necessary is to give the colt soft feed, with bran mashes, and no medicine at all. The appetite, which falls off while the fever accompanying the disorder remains, will return as soon as the abscess has broken. If the enlargement increases to such an extent as to threaten partial suffocation, it may be opened with a lancet and discharged. No poultice should be applied to the swelling. Sometimes when the abscess refuses to break, or is slow in suppurating, it may be hastened by rubbing it with a little ointment composed of one part Spanish flies and six parts of lard.

A MENAGERIE WRECKED. The news of the wreck of the steamer off Columbo has already been telegraphed to the press. It appears, according to a letter to the London Times of the 4th inst., that the Captain to save fuel, sought anchorage outside the port:

"The pilot let go the anchor too near a well-known rock, and the sea, tumbling in as it knows how to tumble off Galle in the south-west monsoon, caused the chain cable to part, and the vessel to surge heavily on the rock. The work of destruction was rapid. Those on board were startled by the metallic sound of the ripping iron sides of the steamer as her hull was torn in shreds by the piercing rock. There was no time to be lost. The vessel was fast filling, and to save the passengers' luggage was hopeless. They had barely time to escape into the boats as the seas came tumbling over the sides, sweeping every thing before them, carrying away one poor invalid sailor, and bursting open the cages and dens of an extensive menagerie on board, going home for the Zoological Gardens. The escape and striking out amid the waves of a crowd of tigers, elephants, etc., and their roars and screams added to the terror of the wretched passengers. One elephant managed to swim ashore, as did one of the tigers, and the inhabitants of the adjacent coast are said to be living in a state of siege, not daring to venture outside their barricaded doors."

There.

Do any hearts ache there, beyond the peaceful river?
Do fond souls wait with longing in their eyes,
For those who come not—will not come, forever—
For some wild hope whose dawn will never rise?

Do any love there still, beyond the silent river,
The ones they loved in vain, this side its flow?
Does the old pain make their heart-strings ache and quiver?
I shall go home some day, go home and know.

The hill-tops are bright there, beyond the shining river,
And the long glad day, it never turns to night;
They must be blest, indeed, to bear the light forever,
Grief longs for darkness to hide its tears from sight.

Are tears turned to smiling, beyond the blessed river,
And mortal pain and passion drowned in its flow?—
Then all we, who sit on its hither bank and shiver,
Let us rejoice—we shall go home and know!

[Louise Chandler Moulton.

Cecile.

Algiers is the Paris of Africa, or rather not a portion of Africa, but a part of France, that has been created by the armies in times of peace as it had been conquered in a war by the French armies. Algiers is Paris, of course, but in becoming French it had lost all its Oriental peculiarities, and in this it is as much more attractive that Paris than romance is to real life.

When I was ordered to remain in Algiers with my regiment coming from Marseilles, I came with most delightful anticipations. I was a young lieutenant then, and my success with the fair sex in various garrison towns where I had been gave me most brilliant ideas in regard to the adventures that would befall me in Algiers. Houris, with eyes like stars enveloped in cashmere, covered with diamonds, living in palaces with fountains of rose water, and bowers of orange flowers, rose before me. Indeed the officers talked so much and so eagerly about the charms of the eastern women, their passion and their devotion, that I felt ready to risk my life to obtain a sight of one of the lovely creatures who haunted my dreams.

Now this was to be the romance of my life. The reality was already all arranged and settled in Europe—and, to tell the truth, though my imagination was in Algeria my heart was in France with the girl to whom I had been betrothed since my infancy. Like all Frenchmen, I knew that I could marry only the young lady who would be thought by my parents to be suited to me in station or fortune; I knew that only such a wife could suit me, and had not the slightest idea my eastern romance would interfere with any of my engagements, not even with my love.

For I loved my betrothed, though I had not seen her since she was a child. The daughter of an old friend of my father's, she had been brought up by her mother in the strictest seclusion, and in my wandering, soldier's life I had not seen her for six years. But this was my last year's probation; at the close of the autumn I was to return to Marseilles; Cecile was to come with her mother beneath my father's roof, and we were to be married.

The passion I intended to feel for one of the Oriental houris had nothing to do with the holy love for my future wife—for the future mother of my children. She was encased in the holiest temple of my heart—the very altar fire of my life; the Oriental episodes were but as the lightning flashes of a summer storm, brief, brilliant and evanescent.

It so happened that at one of the cafes I made the acquaintance of an intelligent rich old Jew merchant, who from the first, appeared to take extraordinary interest in me. He amused me with details of Oriental life and manners; told me the legends of the country, and, in fact, seemed to be a living page from the "Arabian Nights."

In return, I told him all the circumstance of my life, all my military adventures, and even in a moment of extraordinary confidence, went so far as to tell him all about Cecile and our future marriage. This was done rather to give him an idea of our European customs than with any idea of confiding in him. I scarcely felt the indelicacy of talking about Cecile, because he was so utterly a stranger to her.

I had been some weeks in Algiers watching anxiously for an adventure, when one day a note was put into my hand. It was highly perfumed, and tied, instead of being sealed with a gold thread. It was written in a most elegant hand, and was in the purest French, and it bade me repair at nine o'clock to one of the mosques where a most important revelation would be made to me. Here was an adventure at last. In the excitement of the moment I rushed to the Jew.

"What am I to do? What does this mean?"

"It means that you are a handsome dog, and that some of our lovely women have fallen in love with you."

"What am I to do?"

"Go to the rendezvous, of course."

"Will there be danger? Must I go armed?"

"It would be more prudent."

At nine o'clock, as the clock struck, some one touched me on the shoulder.

"You are exact—that is well," and as I turned I beheld an old woman, dressed in the costume of the country, standing near me.

"Are you Lieutenant Raoul Duchene?" said she, speaking in French, and with only a slight accent.

"Yes."

"You are lately from Marseilles?"

"Yes."

"You remember Cecile?"

"Cecile," I cried—"Cecile Velaze?"

"Tis she who has written to you?"

"Cecile, my betrothed; she is in Bordeaux with her mother.

"She was, but she is now here a slave in Algiers."

"But the letter is not in her writing."

"Not as you knew her writing formerly."

"True, a slave—Cecile a slave? How did she know that I was here?"

"She saw you from behind the grating of her window."

"Take me to her inclosure."

"Not until you have given me your word that you will save her."

"At the risk of my life; but how, in heaven's name, did she get here?"

"She will tell you all to-morrow, when you meet."

"Let me see her to-night."

"Impossible."

"To-morrow, then. I shall not rest till then."

"To-morrow; but remember, silence—an indiscretion might ruin all?"

I was obliged to be satisfied, but my excitement was so great that I could not restrain it. I confided all to my friend the Jew.

"Be very prudent," said the Jew, "and remember that the French government allows the natives the exercise of their religion and the freedom of their own special trades. To interfere between a merchant and his slave would be dangerous."

I listened, of course, to no arguments, and at nine o'clock the next night was at the place the Arab woman had indicated. Cecile, my Cecile, the pure and gentle young girl, in the power of a Mahommedan—it was horrible.

"Follow me," said the old woman, and we entered a low gate, and after various windings found ourselves in a white marble hall, most brilliantly illuminated.

"Here is the danger. Once we can get through here into Cecile's apartment we are safe."

We crossed the hall without impediment. We entered the apartment, which seemed dim to me after the hall; but bright, indeed, all appeared when, from an inner room, a lady advanced.

She wore the costume of the country, and the heavy silver veils with which the women are concealed in Algiers fell over her.

In another instant she raised her veil, and I beheld the loveliest creature I had ever seen in my life—her large, brilliant, yet melting eyes, fixed on me.

I threw myself at her feet.

"Do I then see you again?"

"Raoul," she replied, in a low, soft voice, "have you not forgotten me? Do you not love me still?"

"Love you still! Never have you been out of my thoughts; but how are you here? Here and a slave! How did you leave your happy home? How did you come into this man's power?"

"Listen to me, Raoul, and you will see how naturally I fell into the toils three years ago. A young Arab was sent to Bordeaux to complete his education. He fell in love with me. A marriage between us was, of course, impossible, even had I not been betrothed to you. Hassan understood this and seemed to have abandoned all the feelings of love he had entertained for me. A month since he announced to us his departure for his native country, and, as a last proof of his friendship, asked my mother to honor him with a visit on board the vessel that was to take him from us—a condescension he called it. My mother consented. We went, accompanied only by Hassan, who came to fetch us. It was easy to separate us, both curious as we were to see the various parts of the ship. When at last I tried to rejoin my mother she was gone, what became of her I cannot tell you. All I know is that the vessel sailed while I fell in a swoon at the feet of Hassan. When I recovered he told me that he had determined that I should be his; he had sacrificed everything to obtain me. So I am here and Providence has sent you to my assistance."

"This very night we shall fly!"

"That cannot be. I should be missed, traced, and again captured. No, Raoul, you must take me hence to a French vessel ready to sail that very night."

"But I cannot go with you. I dare not leave Algiers without leave of absence."

"I can reach Marseilles in safety. There I can await you. Only get me beyond the power of these people."

I swore to free her—to obey her; she was so beautiful, so tender, so sad, that I would have dared anything for her deliverance. Each night, introduced by the Arab woman, I came to her. She was more lovely even than I had ever dreamed. She had grown into a different being from the one I had cherished in my heart; often, in our short interviews, did I refer to our early days, but the remembrance seemed too sad for her to hear the names of those we loved, her family—mine, all brought tears to her eyes.

There was ineffable joy to me in these interviews, stolen and dangerous as they were, and but of a few moments' duration; still I burned to free her from the power of this Hassan, even at the pain of not seeing her. I would have tried the French authorities, but what had I to prove the truth of my story or the identity of Cecile? Then the French authorities are chary of interference with the native customs; in fact, as Cecile said, our only safety lay in her secret flight. Hassan was away. Once Cecile had been in his power he had made no effort to force her love; he trusted to time, to absence from all other ties, and to his devotion, to ultimately obtain her love.

At the thought of this my heart beat with rage and terror. I resolved to delay no longer. Vessels were sailing every day to France, but I wanted not a vessel full of passengers, but some small merchant vessel, where none would know of Cecile's presence.

At last it was found, and all was arranged. A European dress was procured and conveyed to Cecile. In these one night, without any interruption, she passed out of Hassan's palace the way I entered it.

We were in the street; I dared bring no conveyance. We had to walk with rapid steps down to the quay. On we rushed, when suddenly a man darts from one of the dark porticos and stands before us.

It was my friend, the Jew.

"You are pursued," said he; "her flight is discovered. Trust her to me; here is my house. I can shield her. No one will suspect me. You can save her only thus, and only thus save yourself the disgrace which, as an officer, will fall on you."

"Disgrace!" cried Cecile, starting from me; "take me, lead me anywhere, Raoul, fly."

"With me she is safe: come to-morrow; she will be ready."

"But she will miss the vessel; it sails to-night."

"There will be another, then; but I hear footsteps; fly."

The Jew and Cecile disappeared into one of the houses, and I, bewildered and deeply mortified, went slowly to my quarters.

The next day there was a great rumor in the town—the French authorities had been appealed to—a most daring robbery had been committed; one of the favorite slaves of the dethroned Dey had escaped from his palace with jewels of enormous value. She was a European, too—some dancing girl he had picked up from the French theatre in Algiers; she had sailed for France, it was supposed, but where or who had been her accomplice, it was impossible to discover.

I heard this with indifference; and, as soon as I deemed it safe, proceeded, racked with anxiety, to the Jew's house.

I reached it, and on the threshold stood the Arab woman.

"Cecile," said I.

She presented me with a note without speaking a word.

I tore it open.

"I am safe; you will not betray me, for if you do I will swear that you are my accomplice. I have long been waiting this opportunity, and I thank you for helping me and the Dey's jewels off together. I am merely the Dey's slave—a Parisian, with only her beauty and her wits. Now I am rich and will pray for you, my gallant and credulous cavalier. You should not have confided your secrets and love to the Jew. He is with me, and we will not forget you.

CARMEN."

I stood as if turned to stone. I could not collect my thoughts. Cecile an impostor? No, not Cecile at all; and I am the dupe and accomplice of this bold, bad woman.

My first impulse was to denounce her at all risks—to tell the truth. But the fear of ridicule or the dread of disgrace at last restrained me, and made me consent to endure the terrible complicity.

Carmen was never found, nor were the jewels traced. Probably she had sailed from France for America, and so evaded the police.

As for Cecile, six months later I found her by her mother, pure, fresh and innocent; and not until we had been married two years did I relate to her my adventure in Algiers.

USELESS CURRENCY. In a town not a thousand miles from Portland lives an old lady and her grand-son. The old lady told the grand-son over a year ago that she had saved a considerable sum of money, and if he ever got into a tight place in his business she would lend it to him. During the recent panic he found himself in a bad situation from the want of ready cash and concluded to visit his grand-mother and borrow her money. So he called upon the old lady and stated his wish. With alacrity she went to her trunk and drawing out an old stocking proceeded to count out one thousand dollars in old State bank bills—bills that were long past redemption and worthless. His feelings can better be imagined than described. [Portland Perss.

Cuban bonds at 25 cents on the dollar are being sold at Philadelphia to good natured gentlemen with plenty of money.

The Obituary Department.

BY MAX ADELER.

J. Alfred Brimmer, editor and proprietor of The Morning Glory, having observed the dispositions of persons who have been bereaved of their relatives to give expression to their feelings in a poetical form, reflected that it might perhaps be a good thing to introduce to his paper a department of obituary poetry. He considered whether if when an individual inserted fifty cents' worth of death notice, the establishment should contribute gratuitously half-a-dollars' worth of mortality stanzas, his paper would not at once become the most popular vehicle for the conveyance of that popular form of melancholy intelligence to the public. And Mr. Brimmer rightly estimated that, as most newspaper readers seem to take a deeper interest in such sepulchral news than in information of any other kind, the journal containing the largest supply would have the greatest number of subscribers. So Mr. Brimmer determined that he would, as an experiment at any rate, engage an obituary poet for a short time, with the purpose to give him permanent employment if the plan seemed to take with the public. Accordingly he sent for Mr. Remington Ott, a constructor of verses, who had frequently contributed to the columns of The Morning Glory poems of what would have been considered by a fastidious student of English literature an appalling and revolutionary character. Mr. Brimmer soon effected an arrangement with the bard, by which it was agreed that Ott should take a position in the office for a short time, and whenever a death-notice arrived he should immediately endeavor to grind out some verses expressive of the situation.

"You understand, Mr. Ott," explained Mr. Brimmer, "that when the death of an individual is announced, I want you, as it were, to cheer the afflicted family with the resources of your noble art. I wish you to throw yourself, you may say into their situation, and to give them a verse or two about the corpse which will seem to be the expression of the emotion of the hearts of the living."

"To lighten the gloom in a certain sense, I suppose?" said Mr. Ott.

"Precisely! Lighten the gloom. Do not mourn over the departed; but rather take a joyous view of death, which, after all, Mr. Ott, is, as it were, but the entrance to a better life. Therefore, I would advise you to touch the heart-strings of the afflicted with a tender hand, and endeavor, for instance, to divert their minds from contemplation of the horrors of the tomb."

"Refrain from despondency, I suppose, and lift their thoughts to—"

"Just so! And at the same time combine elevating sentiment with such practical information as you can obtain from the advertisement. Throw a glamour of poesy, for instance, over the common-place details of the every-day life of the deceased. People are fond of minute descriptions. Some facts useful for this purpose may be obtained from the man who brings the notice to the office; others you may readily supply from your imagination."

"I'll throw off stanzas," said Mr. Ott, in such a manner that people will want their friends to die for the sake of the poetry."

"But above all," continued the editor, "take a bright view of the matter always. Make the sunshine of smiles, as it were, burst through the tempest of tears; and, if we don't make The Morning Glory hum around among the mourners of this town, my name is not Brimmer."

The next day Remington Ott went on duty, and Brimmer ran down to the seaside for a breath of air. All through the dull death-notices came pouring in, and, when one would reach Ott, he would seize it and study it up to ascertain the particulars. Then he would rush up stairs, lock himself in his room, take down his rhyming dictionary, run his fingers through his hair, and hack away for half an hour at a piece of paper until he considered that he had that poetry in a shape which would make the stricken family feel proud of the corpse. When the day's work was done, Ott went home with a conviction that The Morning Glory had finally robbed Death of its terrors, and made life comparatively valueless.

In the morning Mr. Ott proceeded calmly to the office for the purpose of embalming in sympathetic verse the memories of other departed ones. As he came near to the establishment he observed a crowd of five or six thousand people in front of it, struggling to get into the door. Climbing a tree, he overlooked the crowd, and could see within the office the clerks selling papers as fast as they could handle them, while the mob pushed and jammed and yelled in frantic efforts to obtain copies—the presses in the celler meanwhile clanging away like mad. Upon the curbstone in front of him there was a line of men stretching down the street for four squares, each man engaged in reading The Morning Glory with an earnestness that Mr. Ott had never before seen displayed by the patrons of that sheet. The bard concluded either that his poetry had touched a sympathetic chord in the popular heart, or that an appalling disaster had occurred in some quarter of the globe. He went around to the back of the office and ascended to the editorial rooms. As he approached the sanctum, loud voices were heard within. Mr. Ott determined to ascertain the cause before entering. He obtained a chair, and, placing it by the side door, he mounted and peeped over the door, through the transom. There sat J. A. Brimmer holding The Morning Glory in both hands while the fringe which grew in semi-circle around the edge of his bald head stood straight out, until he seemed to resemble a gigantic gun-swab. Two or three persons stood in front of him in threatening attitudes. Ott heard one of them say:

"My name is McGlue, sir! William McGlue. I am a brother of the late Alexander McGlue, I picked up your paper this morning, and perceived in it an outrageous insult to my deceased relative, and I come around to demand, sir, WHAT DO YOU MEAN by the following infamous language?

The death angel smote Alexander McGlue,
And gave him protracted repose;
He wore a check shirt and a number nine shoe,
And he had a pink wart on his nose.
No doubt he is happier dwelling in space
Over there on the evergreen shore,
His friends are informed that his funeral takes place
Precisely at quarter past four

"This is simply diabolical. My late brother had no wart on his nose, sir. He had upon his nose neither a pink wart, nor a green wart, nor a cream-colored wart; nor a wart of any other color. It is a gratuitous insult to my family, and I distinctly want you to say what you mean by such conduct!"

"Really, sir," said Brimmer, "it is a mistake. This is the horrible work of an incendiary miscreant whom I trusted as a brother. He shall be punished by my own hand for this outrage. A pink wart! awful! sir—awful! The miserable scoundrel shall suffer for this—he shall, indeed."

"How could I know," murmured Ott, out there by himself, "that the corpse hadn't a pink wart? I used to know a man name McGlue, and *he* had one, and I thought *all* the McGlues had. This comes of irregularities in families."

"And who," said another man, addressing the editor, "authorized you to print this hideous stuff about my deceased son? Do you mean to say that it was not with your authority that your low comedian inserted with my advertisment the following scandalous burlesque? Listen to this:

Willie had a purple monkey clubing on a yellow stick;
And when he sucked the paint all off, it made him deathly sick;
And in his last hours he clasped the monkey in his hand,
And bid good-bye to earth and went into a better land.

Oh! no more he'll shoot his sister with his little wooden gun;
And no more he'll pull the pussy's tail, and make her yowl for fun.
The pussy's tail now stands out straight, the gun is laid aside;
The monkey doesn't jump around since little Willie died.

"The utterly atrocious character of this balderdash will appear when I say that William was twenty years old, that he never had a purple monkey on a stick, that he never fooled with cats, and that he died of liver complaint."

"Infamous! utterly infamous!" groaned the editor, as he cast his eyes over the lines. "And the wretch who did this still lives! It is too much!"

"And yet," whispered Ott to himself, "he told me to lighten the gloom and to cheer the afflicted family with the resources of my art; and I certainly thought that idea about the monkey would have that effect somehow. It is ungrateful!"

At this juncture the sheriff entered, his brow clothed with thunder. He had a copy of The Morning Glory in his hand. He approached the editor, and pointed to a death notice said: "Read that horrible mockery of my woe, and tell me the name of the writer, so that I can chastise him."

The editor read as follows:

We have lost our little Hanner in a very painful manner,
And we have often asked, How can her sufferings be borne?
When her death was first reported her aunt got up and snorted
With the grief that she supported, for it made her feel forlorn.
She was such a little seraph that her father, who is sheriff,
Really doesn't seem to care if he never smiles in life again.
She has gone, we hope, to Heaven, at the early age of seven,
(Funeral starts off at eleven) where she'll never more have pain.

"As a consequence of this infamy, I withdraw all the county advertising from your paper. A man who could thus trifle with the feelings of a parent is a savage and a scoundrel!" As the sheriff went out, Brimmer placed his head upon the table and groaned.

"Really," Mr. Ott reflected, "that person must be deranged. I tried, in his case to put myself in his place, and to write as if I were one of the family, according to instructions. The verses are beautiful. That allusion to the grief of her aunt, particularly, seems to me to be very happy. It expresses violent emotion with a felicitous combination of sweetness and force. These people have no souls no appreciation of the beautiful in art."

While the poet mused, hurried steps were heard upon the stairs, and in a moment a man with red hair and a ferocious glare in his eyes entered carrying a club and accompanied by a savage-looking dog.

"I want to see the editor," he shouted.

A ghastly pallor overspread Brimmer's face, and he said:

"The editor is not in."

"Well! when will he be in, then?"

"Not for a week—for a month—for a year—for—ever! He will never come in any more!" screamed Brimmer. "He has gone to South America, with the intention to remain there during the balance of his life. He has departed. He has fled. If you want to see him you had better follow him to the equator. He will be glad to see you. I would advise you, as a friend, to take the next boat—to start at once."

"That is unfortunate!" said the man with the golden locks; "I called for the purpose of battering him up with this club!"

"He will be sorry," said Brimmer, sarcastically, "he will [illegible] I will write to him, and mention that you dropped in."

"My name is McFadden," said the man. "I came here to break the head of the man who wrote that obituary poetry about my wife. If you don't tell me who perpetrated the following I'll break yours for you! Where's the man who wrote this? Pay attention.

Mrs. McFadden has gone from this life:
She has left all its sorrows and cares;
She caught the rheumatics in both of her legs
While scrubbing the cellar and stairs.
They put mustard plasters upon her in vain;
They bathed her with whiskey and rum;
But Thursday her spirit departed, and left
Her body entirely numb.

"The slave who held the late Mrs. McFadden up to the scorn of an unsympathetic world in that shocking manner," said the editor, "is named Remington Ott. He boards in Blank street, fourth door from the corner. I would advise you to call on him and avenge Mrs. McFadden's wrongs with a judicious intermixture of club and dog-bites."

"And this," sighed the poet outside the door, "is the man who told me to divert McFadden's mind from contemplation of the horrors of the tomb. It was this monster who councilled me to make the sunshine of McFadden's smiles burst through the tempest of McFadden's! If that red-headed monster couldn't smile over that allusion to whiskey and rum; if those remarks about the rheumatism in her legs could not divert his mind from the horrors of the tomb—was it my fault? McFadden grovels! He knows no more about poetry than a speckled mule knows about the Shorter Catechism."

The poet determined to leave before any further criticisms were made upon his performances. He jumped down from his chair and crept softly toward the back staircase. Arriving at the landing, he suddenly encountered Brimmer, who was moving in the same direction. The editor had hardly time enough to utter a profane ejaculation and to lift his hand to strike the poet, when an old lady in a poke bonnet and silver spectacles suddenly emerged from the stairway and pinned the editor to the wall with the ferule of her umbrella. After grinding her teeth at him for a moment she floored him with her weapon, and seating herself upon his prostrate form, she extracted a copy of The Morning Glory from her bag, and, pointing to a certain stanza in the obituary column asked Ott to read it aloud. He did so. It ran in this fashion:

Little Alexander's dead
Jam him in a coffin;
Don't have as good a chance
For a fun'ral often;
Rush his body right around
To the cemetery,
Drop him in the sepulchre
With his uncle Jerry.

At the end of every line the indignant conqueror punched the fallen Brimmer's ribs with her umbrella, and exclaimed:

"Oh you willin! D'you hear that, you wretch? What d'you mean by writin' of my grandson in that way? Take that you serpint. O! you—you willinous wiper you! tryin' to break a lone widder's heart with such scand'lus lies as them! There, you willin! I kummere to hammer you well with this umbreller, you wicked willin, you owdacious wiper, you! Take that, and that, you wile, indecent, disgustin' wagabone! When you know that Aleck never had no uncle in no sepulchre anybow, you wile wretch, you!"

While she pounded the editor, the poet groped his way down stairs six steps at a time and emerged from the front door with remarkable suddenness. His journalistic career ended upon that day. When Brimmer's employes dragged away Alexander's grandparent, and carried her struggling and screaming down to the street, the editor sent for a carrige and was taken home to bed, from whence he arose a week later with an earnest determination never to permit another line of obituary poetry to enter the columns of The Morning Glory.

A Pennsylvania clergyman has made a hit by introducing "personals" in his prayers. For instance: "Lord, have mercy on John Shanahan, who keeps a saloon near the old red bridge. Either lay him upon a bed of sickness or have him removed from this town."

All About a Bonnet.

BY BELLE BARNARD.

"There," said the milliner, triumphantly settling the bonnet on the top of the braid of dark hair that crowned Miss Delaford's dainty head, and viewing the marvel of lace and ribbon with satisfaction. "Isn't that beautiful? Look, Miss Seldon, did you ever see anything more becoming? and so stylish"—giving the crown a little pat of approval. "Do you know, I thought of Miss Delaford all the time I was fastening those scarlet pomegranate blossoms in the lace. I knew how well they would suit her. Ah, these real brunettes, with clear, dark complexion"—breathing a little professional sigh—"how few they are, and how well they carry off anything! Look at yourself, mademoiselle, here, in this glass. Is it not perfect?" And Miss Delaford could not but admit that it was, as she surveyed herself in the opposite mirror, her olive cheeks glowing with conscious pleasure till they rivaled the pomegranates. Madame's glib tongue ran on, enlarging on the merits of her article. "It is point lace, you see. Ah, nothing shows so well for the cost of it as real lace, and just notice that barbe, please, nearly a yard long and such a beautiful pattern, and when you are tired of it so you can wear it—" "What is the price?" asked the dark little beauty, taking the bonnet carefully from her head and looking at it as she held it in her hand. "Forty dollars, mademoiselle, and that's low but it is to you"—in great confidence—"and you are one of my regular customers." "Don't you think that a little high?" ventured the brunette timidly, for madame hated to be "jewed." "High! no indeed! Why there are three yards of lace just to cover the frame, besides the flowers and barbe, and the pearl aigrette; the making I charge nothing for." Miss Delaford hesitated as she looked at the charming combination of scarlet and creamy white. She wanted it so much. The delicate lace, the color of sea foam, and as skillfully wrought as embroidery on a cobweb, was so soft and becoming to the face; and she was going out that evening with Wilbur Ashleigh, whose one look of approval was more to her than the admiration of the rest of the universe; and so much depended on dress in these days of fashion. But forty dollars was just the sum she wanted for another purpose. "Shall I send the chapeau home?" asked madame, after a moment's silence, anxious to close the bargain.

"No, I believe not," was the answer, as it was handed back, "I am afraid I have given you trouble, but I don't think I will take it."

"Well, if not to-day, perhaps some other day," said the obliging milliner. "It suits you so well, let me put it by for you." "Oh, no, don't do that," hastily objected Miss Delaford, shaking her head as she turned to go, followed by her friend. "I don't think I shall want it at all. Better sell it if you have an opportunity."

Madame, a little disappointed, but still hopeful, bowed them to the door and returning noticed the gentleman, who had come in unobserved while she was busy and had waited behind the tall desk that fenced her office from the salesroom. Her greeting was affability itself, for this pleasant faced young fellow who smiled so easily and spoke so cheerfully and was yet so energetic, so thorough going and earnest in his way, was Wilbur Ashleigh, the jun

The War Cloud.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20. The official assurance, made public through the War Department this afternoon, that no executions have occurred at Santiago de Cuba since the 8th inst., and that the total number of executions of persons on the Virginius was only fifty-three, tends to relieve the feeling somewhat in Washington circles.

A CANVASS OF OFFICIAL OPINION.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald says—

The investigation of your correspondent in the fields of official opinion upon the question of the present and future attitude of our Government toward Spain and the Cubans may be summarized as follows: It is unquestionably true that the popular demand for prompt and decisive action by our Government to redress the insult and injury done by the Spanish authorities in Cuba has been sympathized with by the President more than by any other official in Washington. The well-known desire of the President to extend our territory by West Indian acquisition naturally led him to feel inclined to accept of such an occasion as the present appears to be to throw down the gauntlet of war to Spain. Knowing the weakness of Spanish authority in Cuba, he thinks he may have an opportunity to carry out his pet designs of asserting the authority of the United States in Cuban matters promptly and decisively. It is admitted by members of the Cabinet that the question of a war with Spain and its consequences to this country was thoroughly discussed at a Cabinet meeting. The declaration of the President's views in favor of a bold policy on that occasion explains the subsequent utterances of Secretary Richardson and other members of the Cabinet, which indicate that the question of a foreign war was one which the President was by no means unwilling to contemplate. The only two members of the Cabinet who have any announced views of their own are Secretary Fish and the Attorney-General, of whom enough is known to show that they are far more conservative than those held by the President and reflected by Richardson, Belknap and Robeson. The latter, who found the present flurry of popular feeling an excellent opportunity to earn a place in the department of the Government the prominence which had not been previously accorded to them. But while the President and his Cabinet have seemed to incline in favor of immediate and sharp dealing with Spain, the leading advisers outside of the Cabinet have been more cautious and conservative in their own views from the start. It is well known that the opinions of Senator Morton, Senator Scott of Pennsylvania and Senator Sherman of Ohio are wholly against an aggressive policy, and other leading Congressmen here also refuse to discuss the question of war, believing that it would be as foolish as unnecessary for our Government to permit itself to be involved in a costly foreign quarrel now. The considerations which so influence them are, first, that it is not desirable for us to possess West Indian territory; second, that it would not be safe for us to attempt to acquire it now on account of our financial condition, even if it were desirable; third, that we ought to do no more than we can avoid to embarrass the experiment of republicanism in Spain; fourth, that the Virginius affair is of less importance than popularly estimated. These reasons are not shared by all alike, but some one of them is entertained by almost all the well-known Congressmen whose opinions have been sounded. However boldly the President may urge the policy of punishing Spain in his message to Congress, and however much sympathy with the unfortunate Cubans may be developed in the House, it is evident that the feeling of the Senate will be quite conservative, and in accordance with the feeling at the State Department, which is so far different from the feeling at the White House, that Mr. William M. Evarts is undoubtedly much more nearly an exponent of the Presidential views than Mr. Fish would be found to be were he to declare himself upon the question. A leading and respected member of Congress, when asked to-day if he shared the popular indignation at the capture of the Virginius, replied that he was indignant at the popular clamor over the Virginius, rather than on account of what the Spaniards had done. This being the state of political feeling here, the possibilities of a war with Spain may be said to be rapidly diminishing at the national capital.

THE NAVAL PREPARATIONS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20. The work of preparation at the navy yard is still in rapid progress. Gangs of men are working night and day in completing the repairs to several war vessels now on the stocks. The monitor Dictator has been sent to New London for repairs. Additional men were placed at work this morning. The guard of the marines at the gates has been increased in order to prevent the intrusion of visitors, which would interfere with the progress of the work on hand. Since Secretary Robeson's visit to Admiral Rowan several hundred laborers and riggers have been added to the pay roll. Admiral Rowan declines to communicate to the public the nature of the instructions given him, except in a general way.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20. The Navy Department is to-day ordering officers to the various steamers Franklin at Boston, the Colorado at New York, the second-rate steamer Brooklyn at Boston, and the second-rate Dictator, which is soon to be moved from New London to New York, at which vessels will sail soon for foreign waters. Capt. Edward Simpson will command the Franklin, Capt. George M. Ransom the Colorado, and Capt. W. Traxton the Brooklyn. The commanding officer for the Dictator has not been selected.

THE FEELING AT HAVANA.

The reporter of the Tribune, in an interview with the officers of the steamer City of New York, obtained the following:

The demonstration over the capture of the Virginius and the execution of the passengers had greatly subsided when the City of New York arrived at Havana. The news of the second slaughter at Santiago was not received with the same enthusiasm, though nearly every one expressed satisfaction. Jouvellar was understood to be strongly in favor of the course taken with the captives at Santiago. In Havana it was apparent that a change in the public sentiment was being wrought. On the 15th a number of prominent citizens expressed regret that the executions had been performed so hastily. In private conversations it was apparent that many were doubtful of the wisdom of the hasty executions. The Cubans are still as timorous as ever.

The Herald has the following under a Madrid date: The following are said to be the points of a peremptory demand presented by our Government to the Spanish Cabinet:

First, The formal delivery of the Virginius to officers of our Government in a port of the United States.

Second, The release and restoration to our protection of the surviving captives.

Third, A money indemnity to the heirs of all taken from on board the Virginius and put to death.

Fourth, The trial and punishment of General Burriel and all other responsible officers.

Fifth, The immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery in Cuba, as the source of all pending difficulties and complaints.

A despatch of a later date from Washington says—

It may be authoritatively stated that the published synopsis of the alleged demands of our Government against Spain are substantially incorrect. There has been no formal demand, but merely a notice of a demand, which states that if certain facts are proved certain reparation will be demanded. The alleged demand is simply a diplomatic notice.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23. The Herald's special from Washington says that the Spanish objections to our demands are the following—

First, That the Virginius is not an American ship, as she was owned by Cubans and registered in the name of Patterson, residing in New York.

Second, She has forfeited even this false registry by subsequent sale to other parties.

Third, That she has frequently sailed during the past two years under flags of other countries.

Fourth, That Gen. Ryan was not a citizen of the United States.

Fifth, That the Virgmius at the time of her capture was engaged in an unlawful expedition against a friendly power.

A CALMER FEELING.

WASHINGTON, 23. The Spanish question is everywhere discussed with more calmness than it was last week, and the impression seems to prevail to a greater extent than heretofore that there will be no war between the United States and Spain.

The tone of the Spanish Ministry continues friendly, and a disposition is manifested to act on all matters in controversy in such a way as will preserve peace between the two nations.

The only important communication received to-day from Madrid was by the Spanish Minister, Admiral Polo, who communicated the contents to Secretary Fish. The Spanish Government contradict the report of any hostile manifestations against the American Minister and say that General Sickles is treated with consideration and respect; that some intemperance of language of the monarchical press was promptly silenced by a threat of immediate punishment, and that the Minister of the Colonies reports from Havana that the restoration of embargoed property to American citizens is being diligently proceeded with.

NEW YORK, 24.

The Herald's Washington correspondent represents Admiral Polo as saying to him during an interview Sunday evening: "There has been no insult done or intended to the American flag, because the Virginius was no more entitled to it than the flag of Venezuela, that for three years she has been engaged in a lawless pursuit, never once during all that time having been in an American port; that there is ample proof that she was owned by Cubans.

That she obtained her papers by fraudulent representations, and therefore they were void; that it was no mere assumption on the part of the Santiago authorities that the Virginius prisoners were filibusters, and they knew it to be a fact; that Gen. Burriel simply carried out the sentences of a regular council of war.

Admiral Polo further expressed the opinion that while the situation was grave there would be no war unless brought on by the senseless clamor of a few. He added that he was authorized to deny the stories about Sickles, having received the following telegram from Madrid:

"Contradict the reports of hostile demonstrations against the American Minister. Gen. Sickles is treated with sincere friendship and respect. Some excesses in the monarchical press have been immediately suppressed."

The President for War.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Post declares that the President is for war as a means of obtaining satisfaction in the Virginius matter. He says, under date of Nov. 24:

"The people have watched eagerly since the taking of the Virginius for a sign from the President which would indicate whether he was inclined to war or a diplomatic adjustment of the Spanish difficulty. It was natural that the views of the Chief Magistrate, the great soldier who is thought by many to be no less a great statesman, should be looked for with interest. The position of the President is not, however, one which leaves him free to publish his personal feelings from the housetops, and although he has talked at times with others than those of his own household on this subject, he has done so in the guarded way natural to the man and necessary to the official, and the little that he has let fall has been variously interpreted, generally in accordance with the wishes of those under whose observations his meagre expressions have fallen. It can no longer be gainsaid that from the first the President has been chafing under the restraints which leave him free only to act after Congress shall have marked out that which should be done; that from the time of the taking of the Virginius and the inhuman butchery of her crew, he has longed to take bolder, more aggressive steps than the law of the land authorizes him to take, and although that which he has before to-day said can very properly be construed to sustain the above position, many and bitter complaints have been uttered against those who thus have construed his position as sensational, exaggerating news-mongers, who only care to create excitement, and who, to do so, are willing to involve the President and the country.

THE INTERVIEW.

An interview which the President had to-day with a prominent Western Congressman, in which he spoke most freely and unreservedly on this subject, is a sufficient answer to those who, whatever may have been their designs, have charged that improper motives have actuated newspaper correspondents who have interpreted his position as that of a man who believes that the United States has just cause for war with Spain unless full and immediate reparation is made by that power for what he esteems a gross violation of international law and a barbarous and inhuman outrage upon the civilization of the century. In the conversation alluded to the Spanish complication was fully discussed. The President, in most unmistakable language, regretted that not only the Constitution prohibited him from taking immediate action to secure reparation for an insult offered the American flag, but that a law of 1868, passed for the purpose of tying the hands of Andrew Johnson, also hampered him. He alluded to the act of taking the Virginius as an unlawful one, and the shooting down of American citizens by Burriel as brutal and unjustifiable, and he construes the two acts, together with the manner in which the official representative of the United States, Vice-Consul Schmidt, was treated, as a deliberate insult to the United States offered in cold blood, and with full understanding of all the importance and gravity of the offence. When it was remarked to him that had the victims of Burriel's brutality been British subjects the old lion would have rushed to a speedy and fearful avenging of the crime, he quickly rejoined that there would have been in this case just as prompt and decisive action taken by the American Government as could possibly have been taken by the Government of Great Britain if the Chief Magistrate had not been so restricted by the Constitution and the law that he could go no further than to enter a protest and await action by Congress.

FREE CUBA.

The President said that in his message he would lay before Congress all the facts bearing upon the case that shall have come into the possession of the Government, and then he added significantly: Five days will be ample time in which to decide as to the proper action to be taken by Congress in the case. The President said he was in favor of free Cuba, but that he did not mean by that that he favored annexation, although he believed that in time annexation would be accomplished in the natural course of things.

THE NEW TORPEDO BOAT which was launched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Wednesday, is a very formidable craft. Her length is 170 feet. She is 28 feet beam and 12 feet hold. Her engines will be 200 horse power. The boat is built in compartments, with a double bottom, and pumps and valves, so as to settle her in the water to the level of her decks. There will be an opening in the prow about the diameter of a keg through which to run out a bar of iron with a torpedo on the end so as to explode it under the ship's bottom. She will also have two similar contrivances on each side for exploding torpedoes while alongside an enemy's vessel. She will also carry on deck one fifteen inch gun for forward rake below. Her propelling apparatus is to be a peculiar paddle wheel in the stern, which will enable her to turn in her own length.

The Observer says that a large number of horses have passed through Dover during the past week, en route for the woods, and a large number more are to go up next week. Appearances indicate that as much will be done in the woods in that section as formerly, notwithstanding reports to the contrary.

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The Cuban Matter.

In the past week the excitement concerning the capture of the Virginius and the execution of her officers and passengers has in some degree subsided. It is seen, when the facts are known and the bearings of international law upon the case understood more fully, that the Spaniards are not so much transgressors in the capture of the vessel. The real offence is against the laws of humanity in the barbarous and wholesale execution of the persons found on board. In that the United States cannot find a special offence against its rights, or a plausible cause of war. If we have any right of complaint it is found in the fact that Cuba is near us, and that we have a right to complain of the nuisance of a slaughter house at our doors. Spain may indeed reply that her reign antedates our national existence, and that her practices have always been the same, from the extermination of the native Cubans three hundred years ago, down to the assassinations of the present day. But then the laws of humanity have gathered strength of late years, among other races, it not with Spain, and a protest by this or any other civilized government in the name of outraged humanity must have force.

The first duty of the authorities at Washington is to proceed with deliberation, coolness, and a determination to seek the best interests of the country, whatever may be the popular excitement, or the demands of those who expect to profit personally by a war. The country has had quite enough of that class of patriots of late. It seems to be pretty well established that though the Virginius carried the flag of the United States, she did so wrongfully—that she was clearly the property of Cuban revolutionists, and had since she was furnished with papers worn the flags of two other nationalities. And even if she had not forfeited her nationality the act of carrying the revolutionists and their arms and attempting to land on the Cuban coast, would seem to put her outside the pale of this country's protection. And as for the persons executed, probably every intelligent man among them knew that in joining the expedition he took his life in his hands, and denationalized himself by the act, so long as he served that cause.

It would seem, therefore, that we have scarcely a pretext for war with Spain in this matter, even upon the showing of those who complain. There is a great deal more of offence to us as a nation in the unprovoked assassination of our citizens in the streets of Havana by ruffianly mobs, while the victims were there on legitimate business, as has been done repeatedly, the only offence being that they were Americans. And also in the confiscation, without sufficient cause, of estates belonging to citizens of the United States. Spanish abuse of Americans visiting Cuba is systematic and persistent. There ought to be a day of reckoning for it all, but we must bide our time for all that we can make of the captured Virginius and her slaughtered crew, as a cause of war.

War is a calamity in any shape it may come, and no one is wise enough to see the end when once begun of a conflict and the complications that may arise out of it, even against a nation so weak as Spain appears to be. It is to be avoided by all honorable means. At the same time we would have this country make for itself among nations the reputation of protecting the lives, property and rights of the humblest of its citizens whenever and wherever they may lawfully go. For a wrong to one of them or to a ship that lawfully carries the flag we would have the government demand prompt and full reparation at the cannon's mouth. But to all cases of the kind should be applied the homely and wholesome maxim "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

The New York Herald publishes, from a Spanish source, the official account of the capture and execution of the passengers and crew of the unfortunate Virginius. The countrymen of Capt. Frye, one of the Americans executed, will be glad to know that he did not join in the abject and cowardly begging for his life and the offers to betray the Cuban cause, which marked the last hours of the Cubans. In a manly letter to the commandant, he begged for mercy only for his subordinates, regretting his fate only on account of his wife and children, and marched to his death with the fortitude of a true American. He was a graduate of the Annapolis academy, and for some years an officer in the United States navy.

Hon. John P. Hale died at his residence in Dover, N. H., on Wednesday evening of last week, at the age of 67. He was a graduate of Bowdoin and a lawyer by profession, but had devoted his life almost entirely to politics. Originally a democrat, he was made U. S. district attorney for New Hampshire by President Jackson. Subsequently elected to the House of Representatives by the Democrats, he went over to the free soilers before the expiration of his term. He was twice elected U. S. Senator, was the free soil candidate for the Presidency in 1852, and for several years U. S. Minister to Spain.

—The trial of Marshal Bazaine bids fair to endnre as long as the Tichborne contests.

About the Hard Times.

We notice that the Rockland Free Press, with that zeal which pertains to new converts, comes to the defence of the administration, and endeavors to parry the force of our question "Who is responsible for the hard times?" That paper probably feels a local necessity impelling it to rise and make some explanation upon the point. But it commits a grave error at the very outset, when it says—

But it rather blunts the edge of the Journal argument, that it has always denied that the administration did deserve any credit for the prosperity of the country. Of course if its former assumption was correct, its present one is false.

This is a miss-statement of our position, inasmuch as we have never admitted that the so called prosperity had any real foundation. The spendthrift practices and lavish habits of the war, and an inflated currency which deceived the unthinking into a belief that the war was costing nothing, induced a popular belief that the country was prospering. The volume of paper money and the lavish expenditures of the government kept up the delusion years after the war was over. But the laws which govern those matters are as fixed and unchangable as the laws of nature. A top-heavy structure founded on credit is as sure to come to the ground as the house that is builded on sand. Every dollar that the currency was increased beyond the ability of the treasury to redeem in specie was false and fictitious. It nominally increased values, quickened trade and filled the purses of the people—but a large part of that which was called money was as unsubstantial as the foam on the river. A transaction in the New York stock market pricked the bubble, and straightway the fear that every one secretly had of the day of reckoning took shape in the belief that it had come. On the wings of fright it flew over the whole country, and panic reigned. That is the kind of prosperity that the country has had—cheating itself into the delusion that a piece of irredeemable paper with ten dollars printed on it would buy as much as ten dollars in specie. In fact the Free Press itself, after beating about the bush, comes down to the truth of this matter—but mingled, as usual, with falsehood—what it says—

The fact is, we are going back from the condition of an inflated currency—inflated by democratic active rebellion and democratic sympathy for rebellion— to a specie basis.

The admission that an inflated currency is the real trouble—an irredeemable mass of rag dollars—settles the whole question, and leaves nothing to argue.

And in addition to all the other sins of the confederates, the Free Press charges them with inflating the currency of the United States! We had heard before the charge that they inflated the Southern currency until it was worth about the price of paper rags—but never till now that it entered into their hearts to conceive that they had the power to ruin the currency of the United States also. Why, what a set they are, these rebels and democratic sympathizers, to successfully rob Salmon P. Chase of that which was his chief boast, that he was the father of greenbacks and all their kindred. Truly their wickedness is unbounded.

Coming back to the consideration of the present and its troubles, we find the situation one which admits of no explanation except that of misgovernment. Men all over the country, and especially in the large cities, skilled mechanics, artizans, good and worthy citizens, are idle and their families in danger of starvation. If there had been a failure of crops, and a famine were impending, all would bear their part in enduring the great calamity as a visitation of God, and summon all their fortitude. But the land is rich with all abundance. The granaries are full, and the barns run over with the harvest. Instead of a cry for food, the demand is for means to carry away the enormous accumulation to feed the hungry. In this state of things men, women and children, ready and willing to labor are starving in the great cities. And when we ask if this is the fulfillment of the boasted prosperity we have been taught to expect, one of the brilliant organs of this brilliant administration begins to talk about the participators and sympathizers in the rebellion! Why, there never went a rogue to the whipping post without a better excuse for his offence.

A lady who was walking down the sidewalk on the south side of Hammond street, above Fourth, last evening, was knocked down and quite severely bruised by two boys coasting on a heavy sled. The youngsters and their mates did not stop to ascertain how much the lady was injured, but continued their sport. [Bangor Whig.

A person was severely injured in Portland in the same way. Last winter an elderly gentleman in Augusta was run down and killed by a boy on a sled. We notice that the boys in this city are occupying the sidewalks and driving people into the streets. They seem to consider it fine sport to knock the heels out from under elderly and slow moving people.

We receive from Lee & Shepherd, Boston, a neat little volume, the Pronouncing Handbook of words often Mispronounced. The rules of pronunciation in the English language are so peculiar, or rather the want of rules is such, that even well educated persons are liable to err. With this volume at hand, any person may now become familiar with the correct pronunciation of all the difficult words in the language.

—That wonderful engineering work, the Hoosac tunnel, approaches completion, and the excavation will probably be opened through this week. The contractors have until September 4, 1874, to complete the enlargement and grading of the tunnel, and the laying through of one line of track, and the removal of all material, etc. It is probable, however, that the tunnel will be opened for travel on the 4th of July next, that being Governor Washburn's desire.

—The Augusta Journal gives the following fresh water opinion of the state of the shipping interest—

The most of the vessels launched from the shipyards in Maine the past season, have been schooners, to be fitted and rigged with three masts. Very few ships have been built, the day of that class of vessels having passed away.

—On the morning of the big snow storm, that reckless old Probability came out with a prophesy of cloudy weather and rain. There is a strong suspicion here that he is a fraud.

—Charles H. Dyer of Eastport, and Charles A. Boardman of Calais, have been sued by the United States authorities for smuggling wool into those ports. It is claimed that they pulled this wool over Uncle Samuel's eyes to the amount of $75,000.

—The murder mania continues to progress. In Washington a negro boy shot a white woman who refused to pay twenty-five cents that he claimed she owed to him.

Mathews Brothers' New Establishment.

The establishment of Mathews Bros., which has just commenced operations in the manufacture of sashes, doors, blinds, &c., deserves something more than a passing notice. It is probably the largest and most complete factory of the kind in New England, and has been gotten up with large outlay and with all the improvements which knowledge of the business and long experience could suggest. The location itself has many advantages, being bounded on three sides by Front, Miller and Cross streets, and on the fourth adjoining the shipbuilding grounds of Carter & Co. Their buildings are thus placed at a distance of more than a hundred feet from any other—a great security against fire. They are close to the wharves, and convenient to shipping facilities by sailing vessels, steamers and railroad. The site of their main building so inclines that the great convenience of street level entrances to the basement and first story above are afforded on opposite sides. The large sewer on Miller street has been rebuilt and covered with stone work on their whole front, giving a convenient drive way.

The main building, of wood, is 42 by 85 feet, four stories high, including basement, and has a flat roof with cement and gravel covering. Light is afforded on all four sides by one hundred windows. The engine house on the south side is of brick, with double walls and air space, 25 by 48 feet, and is fire proof, communication with the main building being had only by one door and window of iron, which can be instantly closed in case of fire. The roof is laid in mortar, with raised edging and pipe for covering it with water. The chimney from this building is a huge one, double walled, and 77 feet high, 6 1-2 feet square at the base, and contains 35,000 brick. The boiler, made by E. Hodge & Co., of East Boston, is a tubular one, very large and of improved pattern. The engine built by G. W. Bird & Co., East Boston, is a very handsome one of fifty horse power. The foundation of the engine, as well as of both buildings, are laid upon the solid ledge. To supply water to the boilers a large reservoir has been built in the gully south-east of the factory, where never-failing springs keep it full, and from which a three inch iron pipe leads to the engine room. Also a large reservoir under the main building collects the drip of the roofs.

The basement, opening towards the water and Carter & Co's shipyard, is fitted up for ship work. It contains a Daniels' planer, jig saws, circular saws, and machinery for heavy work. One portion is for pump and block making. The exhaust steam is used to soften plank for fitting to the frames of vessels. The facilities for turning out ship work are unsurpassed by any on the coast. The timbers of this story are of immense strength, fitted with hanging knees and stiffened by heavy timber braces. Two lines of shafting are hung overhead. The second story, which opens at grade on Cross street, is devoted to planing, molding, and matching of lumber for sashes, door, blinds, &c., and is full of the newest and most improved machinery for the purposes. A piazza roof projecting above this story gives a dry place for loading teams in wet weather. The third story is for making doors. The business office of the firm occupies one corner, separated by glass partitions. In the fourth story the sashes and blinds are manufactured, the machinery becoming lighter and more delicate as we ascend, until we reach the floor where are fabricated the light and graceful sashes and the beautiful Venetian blinds.

Steam plays an important part in this establishment. It not only gives the motive power for moving the machinery, but it seasons the lumber in the adjacent dry house, by underground pipes; it warms the whole building by means of 5500 feet of iron pipes along the sides of the rooms; it hoists the lumber and sends down the piles of door, sashes and blinds by means of an elevator running from basement to roof; it melts the glue; it works a fire pump provided with hose; by means of perforated iron pipes around every room it can flood with water any portion that takes fire; and finally it sounds a big gong that wakes the hands (and everybody else) in the morning. And speaking of fire, it would seem that the risk is here reduced to the smallest amount for such an establishment. Work will stop when daylight fails, and no fire of any kind be allowed in work rooms. A watchman will patrol the premises at night. Each floor is provided with washrooms and water closets. Forty hands are employed in all departments of the factory.

A large storehouse for seasoned lumber, and a dry-house with a glazier's shop, are situated out of fire reach on the lot, and a square away on Cross street is a three story store-house for finished work. The proprietors planned and supervised the work themselves. Their engine and boiler have been set by Mr. George O. Parkman and Mr. Wood. The latter remains in charge of the engine. All the extensive iron piping has been done under Mr. Parkman's direction, and well done.

The firm consists of Noah M., Spencer W. and Sanford H. Mathews. They have had twenty years experience in the business, and have built up an enviable reputation for the beauty and durability of their work. They have orders from all parts of New England, the middle and western States, all parts of the southern coast, and even from the Pacific. When on the 24th of August these gentlemen looked upon the smoking ruins of their large establishment, destroyed almost without a moment's warning, and found themselves without the means of striking a blow, the prospect was indeed a hard and discouraging one. In seventy days they invite their customers to inspect a a new and vastly improved factory, with more than double the old facilities, every modern improvement, and a determination to more than sustain their well earned reputation. Such business capacity and energy reflect credit upon the city, and it has the right to be proud of such citizens.

A significant feature of the hard times is the re-embarkation of emigrants for Europe. They can find nothing to do here, and realize that they have exchanged a smiling plenty for grisly want. This state of things must have its effect in the countries of Europe, and the tide of emigration will be, for the present, at least, materially retarded, if it be not absolutely stopped. The Prussian Government, which has looked with such alarm on the exodus of the stalwart spiked helmets to the Western wilderness, will thank its stars that Jay Cook & Co. made imprudent ventures, and thus precipitated the present state of things.

That doctors, like other folks, sometimes make mistakes, is acknowledged, but as a class they do not offer the same atonement that a young Boston physician made last week. He mistook the symptoms of a poisoned patient, in consequence of which she died. It was probably not so much remorse as mortification that caused the doctor to take his own life and follow his patient—but he did it, and we can only conjecture that in the unknown land across the river he has made satisfactory explanations. It is to be hoped that this practice is not to obtain in the profession. Better would it be to tolerate a mistake now and then, or even an unsuccessful experiment, than that the professors of the healing art should perish from among us. They are mostly genial, good natured fellows, who can be pleasant companions, especially when they put their legs under a friend's mahogany and partake in moderation of those things which they forbid their patients to touch. Gentlemen, please to spare yourselves.

The ridiculous flourish of resuming silver currency payments by the Government, ended as every person intelligent on the subject supposed it would. It is announced that the grand result was the distribution of $4000 in halves and quarters. This is not a very large addition to the circulating medium of the country; and, the Tribune jeeringly says, "there is no report from the Treasury as to how much of this amount was 'spent on the premises' and how much was hoarded."

If President Grant is for immediate war with Spain, as it is said to be the case, it will beget a suspicion that he has his eye on another Presidential term, and means to fight it out on the Cuban line to that end. When war threatened with England, on account of the Alabama matter, great credit was claimed for the administration that the dispute was settled by arbitration. But now it seems, without a tithe of the provocation that England gave, Spain is to be denied the peaceful ways of arbitration. Can the President ride two such horses as those?

The Lewiston Journal has the following history of a business enterprise, which at once bears testimony to the smartness of a woman and the virtue of printer's ink:

"A little over four years ago Mrs. Hannah M. Tarr left one of the mills in this city and started business as a dressmaker. Shortly she began the sale of Fancy Goods in the second story of a Lisbon Street store, and in a small way. Ere long she removed to the first floor of another store, and her business began further to increase. All the while judiciously using that wonder-working compound known as printer's ink, she found it necessary to enlarge the store at No. 67 Lisbon Street. An addition of 20 feet was made; but she found that she must either stop advertising or build still larger. Disdaining the former, she accepted the latter, and this fall effected a lease for 10 years of the stores Nos. 65 and 67 Lisbon Street. An addition of 20 feet was made, both stores thrown into one, thoroughly overhauled, and departmentized in a metropolitan style. There is a carpet room in the basement. This large establishment is certainly a proof of the ability of its chief. If our lady readers desire to see what a smart woman can do, let them read Mrs. Tarr's advertisements elsewhere, which give a detailed description of the store, and then visit for themselves.

AWFUL REVENGE. The Belfast Journal with pitiless malice, inserts the name of the Collector of that District in diamond type in a bourgeois paragraph, and is heartless enough to do it all in lower case. Poor Mr. Roberts will hardly survive that sort of retalitory spite, which is a little worse than though Simpson had made faces at his sister. [Waterville Mail.

But not nearly so bad as though somebody should make Maxham's face at her. That would very likely be fatal to a woman in a delicate condition.

We notice that many papers are publishing the first chapters of The Golden Idol—for the remainder of which "see the New York Ledger." We are hardly willing to impose upon our readers by the worship of such an idol, even at ten cents a line.

—An exceedingly weak brother in Bangor publishes the following notice in the Whig:

This is to give notice to all whom it may concern, that from and after this date I will cease to be prosecuted, to the full extent of the law, any person or persons who may give or sell to me any intoxicants, either spirits, wine, ale, beer or cider. O. B. PLUMMER.

—People of depraved tastes hail with joy the announcement, that the Black Crook, with all its deformities is coming this way again this winter. [Kennebec Journal.

If it comes with deformities the approving taste must be indeed depraved. We ventured once to look upon the play, and all the dancers were plump, pretty and graceful, without a single deformity. But it may have degenerated since.

—Ben Butler is full of fight about Cuba, and the Portland Advertiser wants to know if he would use powder ships. If Ben. should be made military Governor of Havana, what havoc he would make among the spoons.

—Hon. D. W. Voorhees, of Indiana, one of the Democratic Old Guard, and a very eloquent man, announces his permanent retirement from politics. He has engaged in the practice of law.

—We notice that several Maine papers are publishing L. D. Sine's lottery scheme. It is not only a bad sign, but contrary to law. [Houlton Times.

It is probably one of the "errors of youth," for which the Times so freely advertises a remedy.

—A two hundred pound poetess is writing about what she would do "if she were a sunbeam." [Portland Press.

Perhaps she would succeed better as an ignis fat-uus.

—A Bangor man has caught and caged a mouse that sings, the Whig says, and the Whig can generally be credited outside of politics.

—England is carrying war into the country of the Ashantees, on the west coast of Africa, and the reports say is cleaning out the colored folks.

The old schooner Delaware of Thomaston, after 35 years service, was wrecked while carrying a cargo of ashes, and the Portland Argus remarks "peace to her ashes."

—The Portland Advertiser, always bright, witty and interesting, is made more cheery in appearance by a dress of new type. The Advertiser is one of our most valued exchanges.

—A Washington despatch says that a long diplomatic correspondence is probable with Spain, but no war. If so, let the time be improved in strengthening the navy and in preparing for war.

The Carriage Makers.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20. At a large meeting of carriage makers held at the St. Nicholas Hotel to-day, C. P. Kimball, Esq., of Portland Maine, was re-elected President for the ensuing year.

The question of a schedule of prices was discussed at some length without however any final action being taken.

A resolution protesting against the manufacture of carriages in the State Prison in Maine by convicts, on the ground that the State was entering into competition with its own citizens and tax payers, was unanimously adopted.

A motion was also adopted calling on the President and Secretary of the association to petition Congress for the repeal of the bankrupt act.

Letter from Boston.

Correspondence of the Journal.

BOSTON, Nov. 24.

Verily winter is upon us if all signs prove not deceptive, and even now have the stove and the furnace become firmly established in the affections of chilled humanity, to hold benign sway over their truly loyal subjects until the days of "ethereal mildness" shall indeed return and release us from their thraldom. In the street the foot-step of the pedestrian falls more briskly as he feels the increased sting at his toes, nose and fingers' ends, and he disappears around the corner, (now sadly deserted by its whilom staunch adherents,) leaving in his wake puffs of congealed breath that would do no discredit to a high-pressure tugboat under full head of steam. The tobacconist is forced to depend upon the unlikeness of the noble red man as an indication of the nature of his wares: those elaborately gotten-up and highly intellectual representations of the genus homo whose delight it has been to emulate the position of that effigy,—without, however, following his example in the matter of civility to the lady-passers, having taken their exquisitely fitting garments and harmless profanity, their native "Havanas" and copious gastric juice, to within doors. The very street pigeons give token of their sensibility to the lower temperature, and hop sadly about with one hand thrust in downy pocket, and ever and anon, as they cast a rueful glance in the direction of the big thermometer at the corner druggists, their life-blood congeals sympathetically with the crimson fluid in the weather glass.

The market already presents unmistakable signs of the approach of the annual time-honored feast, and turkeys and chickens, both goodly to the eye and savory to the nostrils, are pouring into the city by rail, boat and wagon, soon to grace the festive board in many a happy and reunited home circle. The necessary concomitants of the Thanksgiving meal,—the crisp and inevitable celery, the ruddy cranberry, the golden squash, the influential onion, the conservative potato, and, bless me! I had nearly forgotten the lucious oyster—are in abundance, all to fall a sacrifice to the insatiable bellies of the universal Yankee nation.

One firm, Messrs. Doe, Gaso & Chapin, have on exhibition at their stalls in Quincy Market a cheese which is a cheese; its height being three feet, diameter five feet, and weight 4081 pounds. This cheese, the production of an Ohio dairy, will gladden the eyes of such as care to look upon it, until Christmas, when it will gladden the stomach of such as will care to pay for the benefaction. The cheese is big, but the number of the former class will probable exceed the latter.

And while we are thus making ready for epicurean delights, a dark cloud lowers over the land, and ere these sentences shall have been printed the word may have gone forth which shall be to many a summons to that undiscovered country, and the knell that shall strike anguish to the heart of many a fond wife, brother or sister. Heaven foretend the blow, and may the headlong readiness to appeal to the dread arbitrament of the sword, now so painfully apparent in the sensational press, be succeeded by more thoughtful and consequently better counsels!

But there is a war that has actually commenced and is now waging an unabating fury, which is bloodless as far as the public is permitted to know, and which, it is to be hoped, will be fought to the bitter end if aught of good can come of it, viz.: The irrepressible war between mistress and maid, or, as the Transcript is pleased to call it, "The Row in the Kitchen." For some three weeks past that paper has contained communications from both parties in interest on this vexed question,—though the parlor has necessarily and obviously the advantage over the kitchen in such a controversy,—and the excitement has reached such a pitch that the matter may eventuate in something more than mere talk. Not unlikely the articles will appear in pamphlet form, and some of them certainly deserve a more enduring form than a daily newspaper affords.

Municipal politics occupy a prominent share of attention in the papers, as also in business and social circles; and while the next mayor is practically elected, Mr. Cobb having received the joint nomination of Republicans and Democrats, the number of gentlemen anxious to serve their fellow citizens as aldermen is out of all proportion to the number to be elected, and who are to be the twelve incumbents of the chairs in the new board is, like all doubtful things, very uncertain. The gentlemen of color, having at last become convinced of the truth of the statement so persistently made by their "plain" brothers, especially just prior to an election, as to their equality in every way to their lighter-skinned compatriots, are clamoring for representation in the government of the city, and Ward Six will doubtless send an American citizen of African descent to the next Common Council.

The School Committee of the ensuing year will doubtless make a new and radical departure, and comprise at least one woman in its membership. Miss Lucretia Crocker, a lady every way qualified for the position, is prominently spoken of as a candidate, and nothing but the ingrained prejudice of the sex that votes will prevent her nomination, and if nominated she will receive a most flattering support at the polls. If woman is fitted for any public office, a position so closely allied to that occupied by her as nearest head of the family, should be at once accorded her; indeed, is one which has too long been denied her intuitive love and tact in the training of the young idea.

The "hard times" of which we all hear so much, also, have become, instead of a visitor, one of the family, and bid fair to spend the winter with us. Various schemes have been proposed to alleviate the sufferings of the indigent, and no greater amount of actual suffering than usual will ensue from the general stoppage in manufactures and trade. The City Council have voted to distribute soup during the winter to the poor, as in former years only that the dispensation will commence earlier than in former years, and be continued perhaps further into the spring. This measure excited some opposition at the meeting of the Council at which it was passed, inasmuch that it is exceedingly questionable whether the really deserving poor can be induced to avail themselves of the relief thus afforded, while broad innuendoes are indulged in of families having done a thriving business in former years in keeping boarding houses by the aid of extra rations of the city's charity, secured by sending two or three children daily to the police station where the nutriment was given out. Be this as it may, it is obvious to all that the only successful manner of aiding the respectable needy would be to sell the food dispensed at a nominal price, sufficiently large to disabuse them of the feeling that they had been reduced to mendicancy.

Generalties.

Stokes is too sick to work.

Cuba is garrisoned by 54,000 Spanish troops.

Judson Kuhn, a lad of thirteen years, barely escaped drowning last Friday while skating on Sproul's Mill

News of the City and County.

These short days are happy ones for the gas men.

How is it about ashes in the street, Mr. City Marshal?

Don't let the fear of war with Spain impair your appetite to-day.

Hon. Eugene Hale was in this city last week, on his way to Washington.

The doves find hard picking in the snowy days since the late storm.

If last Monday was a specimen of the coming winter, it is to be a hard one.

Col. Chase has placed in his store a large and handsome show case for silver ware.

Snow slides from the roofs have damaged some very good hats within a few days.

A. Frost, Esq. is very busy in frescoing the window panes just now. He is a first-class artist.

When the thermometer is down to the freezing point, buckwheat cakes may be legally eaten.

It is difficult to get ahead of the newspapers, as every woman does it who uses them for bottles.

Religious services will be held at the North church today (Thanksgiving). Services by the pastor.

Steamer City of Richmond will make her last passage to the westward for the season on Friday next.

The corner of the car house has been cut away to make room for the change of track at the depot grounds.

A lot of hard pine for the Skowhegan court house is being prepared at the dry house of Mathews Brothers.

The good man whose benevolence finds expression in ashes sprinkled on the sidewalk is now come forth.

A. R. Carter, of the City Saloon, has bought the Empire Saloon, in the Pierce Block, and will hereafter run the two.

Last week was remarkable for having furnished the best sleighing with the least snow of this region ever knew.

Nine car loads of ship timber for Carter & Co. came in on Monday over the Maine Central from the vicinity of Bangor.

If you want to do a good deed to-day, send a Thanksgiving dinner to some needy family. Your own will relish better for it.

It is estimated that 4,728 mince pies will be made in this city this week, and that over 2,000 turkeys will have a warm time of it.

Carter & Co. have built the ways on which to lay the keel of a three masted centre-board schooner, of about 400 tons, for New York parties.

The big steel and iron safe for the Savings Bank has arrived, and is being put in position on the granite foundation in their new banking building.

Our friends must not conclude that we are out because the street door of the office is closed. A spring shuts the door to keep out J. Frost only.

On Saturday our city was pervaded by a report that Gen. Sickles had been killed at Madrid. The war fever ran high and volunteers were numerous.

Belfast has now in operation six churches, thirty rum shops and a very stringent prohibitory liquor law, with a sheriff to specially enforce the latter.

Three months ago there was but one building on what is now Bay View street. At present there are sixteen dwelling houses up or in process of building.

In his introductory lecture on the subject of Buddhism, next Sunday evening, Mr. Utter will give an account of the curious doctrine of the Metempsychosis or Transmigration of souls.

Blacksmiths of the city find a great demand for horse shoeing. At Damon's shop, last week, 169 horses were shod for winter traveling.

To-day is Thanksgiving. Stores and shops will be closed. Business generally will be suspended, and the day given up to feasting, contemplating our blessings and — raffling for turkeys.

One of our merchants made a mistake in regard to Thanksgiving, and thinking that the festive occasion occurred last week, went to distributing the customary turkeys. Nobody's feelings were hurt, however.

The snow in the woods serve an excellent purpose for hunting rabbits, as their tracks can be readily seen. A couple of amateur sportsmen bagged twelve fine fellows one day last week in the woods of Northport.

In the Supreme Judicial Court, Nov. 19th, the following divorce was decreed: Charlotte Williams v. George Williams. Cause, desertion of husband. Custody of minor children given to libellant. Costs against libellee. Williamson for libellant.

On the evening of Tuesday, December 26, there will be given an antiquarian supper at the Methodist Vestry, the proceeds of which will be devoted to improvement in the church edifice. A good, substantial, old fashioned and enjoyable time may be expected, to which all are invited.

There was a report in circulation, Saturday, that "John True" had drank half-a-pint of kerosene with the evident intention of ending his life thereby. This rumor probably arose from the fact that the jury have pronounced him to be a very wick-ed man. [Advertiser.

Or to furnish a personal illustration of the truth that

"While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

Mr. Smudgers forgot to put his rubbers on one slippery morning, and consequently he sat down with much suddenness on on the door step. "My dear," said he, as he retreated into the house, "who was it that said the wicked stand on slippery places?" "Some old fool like yourself, I'spose," was the reply. Smudgers felt hurt, and said nothing.

Mr. White of the Phenix House in addition to his other duties has devoted some of his time to the raising of pigs. He last week slaughtered three porkers whose united weight when dressed was 1890 pounds. They were two years old and weighed respectively 725, 650 and 515 pounds. We think Mr. White is ahead in the pork business this season.

ALONG THE WHARVES. Business is not brisk in this department. A few cargoes have gone south only. One cargo to Georgetown, S. C., per sch. A. W. Ellis, by Pitcher & Gorham. Wm. Pitcher & Son are loading the new sch. Flora Condon for a southern port. One cargo has gone to Vinalhaven by sch. Senator. Albert Carter is loading sch. Wenonah with potatoes for Baltimore.

LAUNCHED on Saturday from the yard of George Cottrell, a three masted schooner, some 400 tons, called the Flora Condon, owned by parties in this city, and to be commanded by Capt. John McDonald. This is a new yard which commenced business last spring, and the Flora Condon is the first vessel built. She is a very superior vessel, and reflects great credit to the builder, and insures the success of the undertaking.

The shipment of hay the present month is very light in comparison to one year ago, the larger part shipped being of an inferior quality and for the southern market. But one or two cargoes have been sent to Boston owing to a tilt between our farmers and the Boston buyers. The farmers hold their hay at a figure that when added to the freight, brings that commodity $1.50 per ton above the Boston market. Owing to this state of things our local buyers can do nothing with the first quality of hay. There is a large amount in the country, and the Boston market is being supplied from other places.

Charles B. Hazeltine Esq. arrived home on Monday from a duck shooting trip to the Chesapeake Bay, during which a severe accident happened to him. While holding his gun muzzle downward and wiping it, one barrel was discharged, the charge of shot passing through his right foot about midway between the ankle and toes, splintering three of the bones. A surgeon from Baltimore dressed the wound, and Mr. H. was taken to that city, where he remained ten days and then started for home. Although the wound is a severe one, he will doubtless have a rapid recovery and a good foot when it has healed.

There is quite an awakening of religious interest in the Methodist church in this city.

The beautiful snow has laid a sort of fig-leaf covering over mother Nature. [Advertiser. W-h-at!

Wm. O. Poor & Son have a large lot of fancy and holiday articles, diaries for 1874, toilet soaps &c. See their announcement.—Mr. Pitcher has a word to say to tax-payers.

An auction of the Book Club will be held at Pote & Quimby's store on the afternoon of Friday Nov. 28th, at half past two o'clock. Members are especially requested to be present, as the club for the ensuing year will then be made up, and other business transacted. Books on exhibition at place of sale today and tomorrow.

Very few persons who have occasion to procure insurance are aware of the fact that policies in companies located out of the state are of no protection to them, unless the companies have been licensed by this state. Legal decisions have declared such unlicensed policies to be void, and insurers should be careful. Cox & Field have a full list of the companies licensed in Maine.

The snow storm of Monday was perhaps the severest ever known so early in the season, and belonged to January rather than to November. Snow began to fall in the early morning, and continued to a late hour at night, during which time a foot of dry snow fell, and was considerably drifted by the north-east wind. The Maine Central train due at Burnham at six o'clock, did not arrive there until 2 o'clock in the morning, but the train thence to this came through in about the usual time. Steamer Cambridge, for Boston, remained at her wharf in this city all night, and the Richmond, for Portland, made a harbor somewhere below for the night. The storm prevailed all over New England.

FREEDOM. The Cheese Factory Association has received its charter, completed its organization and commenced work on the foundation for a building which is to be sixty by thirty feet and two stories high. Stock has been subscribed to the amount of twenty-seven hundred dollars. The officers elected are President, A. J. Billings; Treasurer, E. G. Thompson; Secty, David B. Johnson; Collector, Charles Bellows; Directors, James L. Lawson, Elisha Johnson, H. W. Wescott, Jacob Severance, William White.

Daniel W. Dodge has sold his Tannery to parties from Farmington.

The Teachers Institute was in session here two weeks ago under the direction of N. A. Luce, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Moment. The session continued five days.

LINCOLNVILLE. Capt. Fred S. Dyer of this town, is having built at Portland a vessel of 500 tons burden, for the West India trade. She is to be owned by parties in Portland and the master, and will probably be bark rigged.

Terrible Tragedy in Providence.

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 21. A tragedy of love and murder has excited this city to-night. About 8 o'clock a German named Fritz Poehler, about twenty-five years old, a fresco painter, went to the saloon of Henry Stefflein, on High street, in company with a German girl of sixteen, named Mary Bose. They entered a stall, called for refreshments, and seemed to be in the best of spirits, laughing and talking in an agreeable social manner. They attracted no particular attention, and after their wants had been supplied the proprietor of the saloon took no further notice of them. Suddenly the report of a pistol was heard, closely followed by another report, and when those in the place rushed to the stall where the couple were, they found that Poehler had shot Mary and that she was even then a corpse, having apparently died almost instantly. Poehler rushed into the saloon and quickly attempted to take his own life, firing twice at himself. He then ran into the back yard, fell, jumped up, screamed loudly and tried to get away, but was secured by a policeman and taken to the Rhode Island Hospital. His wounds are in the left lung, and will probably prove fatal. The murdered girl was removed to the residence of an undertaker. Mary Bose was the daughter of a hard-working German woman living on Page street, and was respectable, tolerably good-looking and with some education. She had no father. She had been keeping company with Poehler since last spring, and was very much beloved by him. The murder was stated to have resulted from the conversation the couple had together in the stall in the saloon. Mary said she could not marry him, and that she was going into a convent to pass the rest of her life. This appeared to have enraged him, and in the phrenzy of the moment Poehler accomplished the horrible deed. It is reported that he had once before attempted the life of a young woman, and many believe that he has a taint of insanity in his brain. The affair at once called a great crowd together in front of the saloon, and the news of the murder spread with rapidity through the city. The mother of the girl is well nigh crazed by the loss of her daughter. Poehler fired five shots in all—three at the girl, which lodged in her left breast, over her heart and in her hand—and two at himself.

Conviction and Sentence of Tweed.

Wm. M. Tweed, the New York Alderman, whose fraudulent practices have excited so much attention of late, was last week convicted on all the 204 counts of the indictment. The report of the case concludes as follows, under the date of Saturday:—

4.30 P. M. Tweed has just been sentenced to imprisonment for 12 years and to pay a fine of $12,500.

The sentence of the Court occupied half an hour in the delivery. Tweed received it calmly.

A bill of exceptions will be presented Monday.

During the past two years "Boss" Tweed has been transferring his property to his son, Richard Tweed, and others, so that he now holds no property whatever in this county or Greenwich, Conn.

It is, however, the intention of Attorney General Barlow to proceed against him in a civil suit on the ground that this property is not legally his, and consequently he had no right to transfer it.

As some of the property has passed through many hands, such a suit as the one proposed would give rise to many complications.

Tweed remained in the sheriff's office till one o'clock this morning, hoping that either Judge Pratt or Judge Ingraham would issue a stay of proceedings, but both declined to do so, and the former "Boss" of this city was taken to the Tombs.

THE GLOUCESTER FISHERIES—FEARFUL RECORD. The present season has proved the most disastrous for many years to Gloucester fishermen. The loss of life has been nearly as large as that of 1862, while in the matter of the loss of vessels it has been much greater. The present season's losses will be as follows: 24 vessels, of a tonnage of 1,287 tons, of a valuation of $110,000, and 152 lives. Of these, 3 vessels and 16 lives were lost in the herring fishery, 5 vessels in the winter shore fisheries, 2 vessels and 32 lives on Georges, 9 vessels and 63 lives on the bay fishery, and 26 lives lost from being washed overboard from various vessels. Of the result of the season's work, the winter shore, the bank and the Georges fisheries will make the best exhibit, and that of the bay fishing—or the mackerel catch as it is called—the poorest. The depreciation in mackerel alone during the past six weeks has been estimated at half a million dollars on what is held in Gloucester.

The advocates of woman suffrage and the cause of "woman's advancement" generally are just now making a special effort to advance their ideas among the people of this vicinity. So far as the elevation of women to public office is concerned, there seems to be a growing feeling in favor of giving to women a more prominent place in the management of our public educational machinery, not only hereabouts, but also at the west, as in the case of Illinois, where, out of thirty-three ladies who were candidates for school superintendents in the recent election, eleven were elected. [Salem Gazette.

The President on the Finances.

A Washington special of Monday says: The President has concluded that portion of his message relating to the national finances, but has not yet read it to the Cabinet. It may be stated on unquestionable authority that he will not recommend what has been known during the past few weeks as the Convertible Low Rate Bond Scheme, and it may also be stated that he will not recommend any measure which will tend to ease the stringency on the market, except such a measure as will completely prevent the possibility of the further inflation of the legal tender circulation. It is safe to say that any measure which the President may recommend will be one which will contain such restrictions that whenever the stringency in the money market is relieved, the currency issued by the government will of necessity and in accordance with the laws of trade return to the Treasury.

This can only be accomplished by making the rate of interest upon the currency thus advanced so great that the public could not afford to borrow it of the government at times when the money market was easy. It is argued in support of such a measure as this that so long as the average rate of commercial interest for money in this country is at eight per cent. per annum, any convertible bond scheme at a low rate of interest would inevitably result in permanent inflation, for the reason that those who had deposited the low rate bonds for currency would never restore the currency to the Treasury so long as they could command a much higher rate of interest for their currency than they could derive from the deposited bonds.

Those who should know state that the President's recommendation will be based upon a principle which will compel the restoration of the currency to the Treasury in time of easy money market, although the details of the recommendation are not yet fully disclosed. It is believed that the rate of interest which will be suggested shall be paid to the government for currency that may be advanced upon bonded security should be ten per cent. which is a rate that would compel the return of the currency and the withdrawal of the bonds when panics have ceased. The plan contemplates giving the government control of the balance of power on currency, by means of a rate of interest on loans advanced somewhat higher than the average commercial rates in the normal condition of finance.

It is understood that this contemplated loan of currency will be made in some way through the national banks, so that the legal tender maximum may not be increased above four hundred millions. This suggestion is made in view of the supposed claim that bondholders have that the maximum of legal tender circulation shall not exceed that sum. It is alleged that an increase of the legal tender circulation above four hundred millions would be an impairment of the contract with the bondholders. It is believed that the President will recommend that these loans be made in bank notes through the instrumentality of the national banks.

The chirping and singing of cricket and grasshopper are frequently spoken of. But they do not sing. They fiddle. By rubbing legs and wings together, each in a manner peculiar to the species, these insects produce the sounds which characterize them. Perhaps our best insect instrumental performer is the "Katydid." Each wing contains a little tambourine, and by the opening and shutting of the wings, these are rubbed against each other, and produce the sounds of "katy-did-she did," which can be heard at such a long distance.

DUTIES ON POTATOES. A Washington special says that "it is known that an attempt will be made to suspend the operation of the tariff as to the duties of fifteen cents per bushel on potatoes, so that potatoes may be imported from the Canadas and Bermudas during the winter to relieve the necessities of the poor. The petitioners will state that in some parts of this country potatoes are worth more per bushel than wheat."

—The Bangor Commercial notices the shooting of a raven in Hancock county. Down this way we call 'em crows, and there is caws for it.

Pills, Portions and Pungencies.

Which is the oldest, Miss Antiquity, old Aunty Diluvian, Miss Ante Terior, Miss Ancestor, Miss Ann T. Mundane or Miss Ann T. Cedent?

VEGETINE has never failed to cure the most indelible case of Canker.

The Question Settled Those eminent men, Dr. Jas. Clark, Physician to Queen Victoria, and Dr. Hughes Bennett, say that consumption can be cured. Dr. Wistar knew this when he discovered his now widely-known BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, and experience has proved the correctness of his opinion.

We cannot be too careful how we play with the English language. One day this week a married lady of that city, while admiring the falls from Warburton avenue bridge, remarked, "Isn't that dam nice?"

20,000 cures of PILES have been recorded during the past five years by ANAKESIS, the happiest discovery in medicine ever made. No disease is more painful and vexatious than PILES, and lotions, ointments, and quack nostrums always make them worse. ANAKESIS is an infallible, painless, simple permanent cure, acts as a bougee poultice and medicine. The relief from pain is instantaneous and the cure certain. All Doctors recommend it. Price $1.00. Sent free by mail on receipt of price. Anakesis Depot, 46 Walker st., New York.

Could anything be neater than the negro's reply to a young lady whom he offered to lift over a gutter, and who insisted that she was too heavy? "Lor, missus," said he "I'se used to lifting barrels of sugar."

Most all pills in the market, and those styled vegetable, are not only large, nauseous, griping, and difficult to swallow, but they contain Mercury, besides Aloes, Gamboge, and other injurious drastics. These are old medicines, and used before medical science developed better, now supplanted by much more pleasant but effectual cathartics. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets embody the latest and best cathartic properties in a concentrated form, and are never taken with disappointment. Wholly vegetable sugar-coated, small, neat, and in delicate glass vials. Sold at 25 cents by Druggists. 7i6

A man out west says he moved so often during one year, that whenever a covered wagon stopped at the gate his chickens would fall on their backs and hold up their feet, in order to be tied and thrown in.

CONSUMPTION

Letter from Captain Coffill, of the Brig "Potosi," of Windsor, N. S.

ST. JOHN, N. B., May 22nd, 1868.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS, Chemist.

DEAR SIR: In May, 1866, I was attacked with a severe dry cough, which continued in narshness for some time, when I commenced expectorating a thick, whitish substance, then I raised a greenish yellow and slate-colored matter, then bleeding of the lungs set in, and other symptoms of a very alarming character showed themselves. I consulted the leading physicians in Philadelphia and other cities, who gave me no encouragement, as my disease was Consumption. I spared no expense to obtain relief but found none. In August, I had fallen in flesh from 155 to 135 pounds, and sinking rapidly every day. My friends in Philadelphia advised me to leave the ship and go home. At home they considered my case hopeless, and wished me to remain there and not die in a foreign country. I visited St. John in October of the same year on my way to Philadelphia to join my ship, and was advised by a stranger, who noticed my shrunken form and racking cough, to try your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites; and, as a drowning man will grasp at straws, I saw a ray of hope in the suggestion, and procured a bottle. The effect warranted a further trial, and I bought a dozen bottles, and left St. John, and have been knocking about the Atlantic ever since.

As this is the first time I have visited your city since, I feel under obligation to let you know the effects produced by this Syrup. I continued taking the remedy regularly. At first my appetite improved—I regained my strength—then my cough gradually left me, and finally the expectoration ceased; and although the benefit was gradual, I could note the change for the better every day, so that after having taken ten bottles I considered myself well. This was about five months from the time I commenced taking the Syrup. A short time after I had considerable trouble, and feeling some of the old symptoms returning, I finished the other two bottles; and now I consider myself as well as I ever was in my life. My present weight is 162, seven pounds above my usual healthy standard. My nerves are good, my appetite good, and general health excellent. I heartily recommend your Syrup to all persons troubled with any difficulties or disease of the Lungs or Nervous System, firmly believing that had I not used it, I would not now be living.

Hoping this letter may meet the eyes of others similarly affected, and induce them to use the same means of cure,

I remain, yours very truly,
HARRIS COFFILL,
Master of brig "Potosi," of Windsor, N. S.

I recently heard from Captain Coffill that he continues to possess vigorous health.

INVENTOR.

Why is a sheep a fit member for a jockey-club? Because he is bred on the turf, gambols in his youth, associates with blacklegs, and is fleeced at last.

ASSIST NATURE IN HER EFFORTS to shake off a cough or cold, or she may revenge herself by giving up the contest. Remember that with *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar* for an ally, she will extinguish the worst cough in a few days. Crittenton's 76th Avenue. Sold by all Druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because, though he is the first in pity, he is the last in help.

Centaur Liniments.

There is no pain which the Centaur Liniments will not relieve, no swelling they will not subdue, and no lameness which they will not cure. This is strong language, but it is true. They have produced more cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, lock-jaw, palsy, sprains, swellings, caked breasts, scalds, burns, salt rheum, earache, &c., upon the human frame, and of strains, spavin, galls, &c., upon animals in one year than have all other pretended remedies since the world began. They are counter-irritant, all-healing pain relievers. Cripples throw away their crutches, the lame walk, poisonous bites are rendered harmless and the wounded are healed without a scar. The recipe is published around each bottle. They sell as no articles ever before sold, and they sell because they do just what they pretend to do. Those who now suffer from rheumatism, pain or swelling deserve to suffer if they will not use Centaur Liniment, white wrapper. More than 1000 certificates of remarkable cures, including frozen limbs, chronic rheumatism, gout, running tumors, &c., have been received. We will send a circular containing certificates, the recipe, &c., gratis, to any one requesting it. One bottle of yellow wrapper Centaur Liniment is worth one hundred dollars for sweeney horses and mules, or for screw-worm in sheep. Stock-owners—these liniments are worth your attention. No family should be without them. "W O de wrapper for family use;" Yellow wrapper for animals. Sold by all Druggists. 50 cents per bottle; large bottles, $1.00. J. B. ROBT & Co., 53 Broadway, New York.

CASTORIA is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only *safe* article in existence which is certain to assimilate the food, regulate the bowels, cure wind-colic and produce natural sleep. It contains neither minerals, morphine or alcohol and is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may rest. 1y18

ONE HUNDRED OLD AND NEW SAFES at E. R. Morse, 74 and 76 Sudbury street, Boston. Bank Vault and steel work, of best quality, made to order. 2m12*

12 Samples by mail, 50 cts., retail quick for $10. R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Sq., N. Y. 1y26

BELFAST PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly for the Journal.

BELFAST, Wednesday, Nov. 26, 1873.

Flour,	$9.00@13.50	Round Hog,	$@0
Corn Meal	80@00	Clear Salt Pork,	$18@20
Rye Meal,	1.10@1.15	Mutton per lb.,	7@8
Rye,	90@1.00	Lamb per lb.,	7@8
Corn,	83@00	Turkey per lb.,	15@15
Barley,	60@75	Chicken per lb.,	14@15
Beans,	2.00@3.00	Duck per lb.,	14@17
Marrowfat Peas,	1.25@1.50	Geese per lb.,	12@13
Oats,	58@60	Hay per ton,	$13@15
Potatoes, new,	50@60	Lime,	$1.25@0.00
Dried Apples,	10@12	Washed Wool,	40@00
Cooking Apples,	75@1.00	Unwashed Wool,	30@00
Butter,	30@32	Pulled Wool,	40@00
Cheese,	15@00	Hides,	7½@00
Eggs,	30@32	Calf Skins,	12@00
Lard,	12@00	Sheep Skins,	$1.00@2.00
Beef,	7@9	Hard Wood,	$6.00@7.00
Baldwin Apples,	1.25@1.50	Soft Wood,	$4.00@0.00
Veal,	6@0	Dry Pollock	4 1-2@5
Dry Cod,	7@8	Straw	$8.000@0.00

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 19.

At market for the current week—Cattle 2438; Sheep and Lambs 16,342; Swine 15,825; number of Western Cattle 1903, Northern Cattle and Working Oxen and Milch Cows, 475. Eastern Cattle, 60.

Prices of Beef Cattle, per 100 lbs. live weight. Extra quality $7 12 1@7 25; first quality $6 75@7 00; second quality $5 75@6 50; third quality $4 1@5 62; 1-2; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c., $3 50@4 12.

Brighton Hides—7c per lb. Brighton Tallow 5c per lb.

Country Hides—5@6 1-2c per lb. Country Tallow 4 1-2c per lb.

Calf Skins—16@15c perlb. Sheep Skins $1 each.

Working Oxen—We quote sales of 1 pr, gth 7ft 6 in $225; 1 pr, 7 ft, $190; 1 pr, 6 ft 10 in, $195; 1 pr 6 ft 8in, $170; 1 pr, 6 ft 8 in, $145; 1 pr, 6 ft, 6 in, $150 1 pr, 6 ft, 6 in, $135.

Milch Cows and Stores—We quote extra at $55@00 ordinary $25@50 per head. Store Cattle—Yearlings $11@17; 2-year olds $16@28; 3-year olds $28@35.

Sheep and Lambs—Western Sheep cost 6@6 1-2c Lambs, 5 1-4@6 1-4c per lb.

Swine—Pigs, wholesale 6 1-2@7 1-2c; retail 7@8c per lb. Hogs—21,700 in market; prices 5@5 1-2c per lb.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

KIND WORDS.

The Associated Reformed Presbyterian says—For years Perry Davis' Pain-killer has been known as a most useful family medicine. For pains and aches we know nothing so good as the Pain-Killer. For many internal diseases it is equally good. We speak from experience, and testify to what we know. No family should be without a bottle of Davis' Pain-Killer.

MESSRS. PERRY DAVIS & SON, Prov. R. I.

Gents—Although a stranger to you I am not to your invaluable medicine, Pain-Killer. I formed its acquaintance in 1847 and I am on most intimate terms with it still; my experience in its use confirms my belief that there is no medicine equal to Pain-Killer for the cure of Summer Complaints, Sore Throat, Croup, Bruises and Cuts. I have used it in all and found a speedy cure in every case.

Yours Truly, T. J. GARDINER, M. D.

Judging by our own experience whoever once makes a trial of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer, will not fail to recommend it widely as an unequalled liniment, and valuable internal remedy for colds and various other complaints.—Every Month.

The efficacy of Perry Davis' world-renowned Pain-Killer in all diseases of the bowels, even in that terrible scourge the Asiatic cholera, has been amply attested by the most convincing authority. Missionaries in China and India have written home in commendation of this remedy in terms that should carry conviction to the most skeptical, while its popularity in communities nearer home is ample proof that the virtues claimed for it are real and tangible. Among family medicines it stands unrivaled. [Boston Courier.

The Saturday Evening Gazette of Boston, says: It is impossible to find a place on this broad land where Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER is not known as a most valuable remedy for physical pain. In the country, miles from physician or apothecary the Pain-Killer is cherished as the exclusive panacea, and it never deceives.

"PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is really a valuable medicament, and, unlike most of the articles of the day, is used by many physicians. It is particularly desirable in locations where physicians are not near; and, by keeping it at hand, families will often save the necessity of sending out at midnight for a doctor. A bottle should be kept in every house." [Boston Traveller.

"We have tested the PAIN KILLER, and assure our readers that it not only possesses all the virtues claimed for it, but in many instances surpasses any other remedy we have ever known." [Herald of Gospel Liberty. 1w21sp

The Household Panacea, and Family Liniment

is the best remedy in the world for the following complaints, viz.: Cramps in the Limbs and Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Rheumatism in all its forms, Billious Colic, Neuralgia, Cholera, Dysentery, Colds, Fresh Wounds, Burns, Sore Throat, Spinal Complaints, Sprains and Bruises, Chills and Fever. For Internal and External use. Its operation is not only to relieve the patient, but entirely removes the cause of the complaint. It penetrates and pervades the whole system, restoring healthy action to all its parts, and quickening the blood.

The Household PANACEA is purely Vegetable and all Healing.

Prepared by

CURTIS & BROWN
No. 215 Fulton Street, New York.

For sale by all druggists. 1y18p

Thirty Years' Experience of an Old Nurse.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health and comfort to mother and child. We believe it to be the Best and Surest Remedy in the World, in all cases of DYSENTERY and DIARRHŒA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from Teething or from any other cause. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None Genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all Medicine dealers. 1y18p

TAGS Merchants & Manufacturers will best *insure* their shipments to their destination by using DENNISON'S PATENT SHIPPING TAGS! Over Two Hundred Millions have been used within the past ten years, without complaint of loss by Tag becoming detached. All Express Co's use them. 3m17sp

Sold by Printers & Stationers everywhere.

A BOOK FOR EVERY MAN.

THE "SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR SELF-PRESERVATION," a Medical Treatise on the Cause and Cure of Exhausted Vitality Premature Decline in Man, Nervous and Physical Debility, Hypochondria, Impotency, Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, and all other diseases arising from the errors of youth or the indiscretions or excesses of mature years. This is indeed a book for every man. Thousands have been taught by this work the true way to health and happiness. It is the cheapest and best medical work ever published, and the only one on this class of ills worth reading. 190th edition, revised, much enlarged, illustrated, bound in beautiful French cloth. Price only $1. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, Assistant Physician. N. B. The author may be consulted on the above as well as all diseases requiring skill and experience. 1y39sp

CHILDREN often look Pale and Sick for no other causes than having worms in the stomach.

BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS will destroy Worms with entirejoy to the child, being perfectly WHITE, and free from all coloring of other injurious ingredients usually used in worm preparations.

CURTIS & BROWN, Proprietors.
No. 215 Fulton Street, New York.
Sold by Druggists and Chemists, and dealers in Medicines at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOX. 1y15p

The Confessions of an Invalid,

Published as a warning and for the benefit of Young Men and others who suffer from Nervous Debility, LOSS OF MANHOOD, etc., supplying the means of self-cure. Written by one who cured himself after undergoing considerable quackery, and sent free on receiving a post-paid directed envelope.

Sufferers are invited to address the author,

NATHANIEL MAYLAH,
Box 135, Brooklyn, N. Y.

6m19sp

MARRIED.

In this city, Nov. 22nd, by Rev. W. L. Brown, Mr. Castanus Smalley and Miss Mary S. Redman, both of Belfast.

In this city, Nov. 23d, by Rev. W. L. Brown, Mr. Fred Trim of Rockland, and Miss Caroline Fursteberg of Belfast.

In Lowell, Mass., Nov. 6th, Mr. Percival P. Burbanks of Lowell, Mass., and Miss Delia Grindle of No. Sedgwick.

In Rockport, Oct. 19, Mr. Chas. E. Eells and Miss Nancie Barrett, both of R.

In Hope, Nov. 16th, Mr. Joseph F. Wiley and Miss Belle W. Carleton, both of H.

In Warren, Nov. 17, Mr. Bloomfield Calderwood of Vinalhaven, and Miss Annie, daughter of Minot Tolman, Esq., of Warren.

In Gouldsboro, 15th inst., Mr. John M. Blaisdell of Sullivan, and Miss Jennie D. Parrit of G.

In Orland, 14th inst., Mr. John N. Higgins and Miss Alice A. Bowden, 16th inst., Mr. Wm. E. Bowden and Miss Mary T. Varnham, all of Orland.

In Rockland, Nov. 18th, Mr. William E. Vinal and Miss Iola Wiley of Rockland.

In Boston, 18th inst., by Rev. E. E. Hale, Richard Chenery, Esq., of San Francisco, Cal., and Anna M. Johnson, daughter of Ex Gov. Crosby of this city.

In So. Montville, Nov. 16, by Rev. Mr. Knowlton, Francis Orlando Keating of Appleton, and Miss Caro Lilla Knowlton of Montville.

In Searsmont, Nov. 22d, by E. Burgess, Esq., Mr. Richard H. Fletcher of Lincolnville, and Miss Lucy A. Buck of Searsmont.

DIED.

(Obituary notices, beyond the Date, Name and Age must be paid for.)

In this city, Nov. 24th, Mrs. Abigail, widow of the late Capt. Harry Eells aged 84 years and 2 months.

In this city, Nov. 18, Allen A. Drinkwater, aged 7 years and 10 months.

In Searsmont, Nov. 23, Miss Mary L. Dickey, aged 17 years and 4 months.

In Knox, Nov. 15th, Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, widow of the late John Brown, aged 81 years, 8 months and 25 days.

In Ellsworth, 12th inst., Florence May, infant daughter of Wm. and Bessie J. Andrews of Boston.

In Surry, Sept. 15th, William Cain, aged about 22 years.

In Camden, 13th inst., Capt. John E. Dailey, aged 62 years.

In Bangor, Nov. 19th, after a very short illness, Mrs. Sarah Rovall, aged 74 years, 11 months and 26 days.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BELFAST.

ARRIVED.

Nov. 17. Schs Livolta, Whitman, Bucksport.

20. W G Eaddie, Ryder, Carver's Harbor; Emeline, Stanwood, Ellsworth; North Cape, Lancaster, Ban 20th.

SAILED.

Nov. 19. Schs Empire, Ryan, Boston; Sargent S. Day, McFarland, New York; Laura Messer, Gregory, Charleston.

20. Schs Connecticut, Dodge, Isleboro; P M Rogale, Burgess, Carver's Harbor.

22. Sch Emeline, Stanwood, Ellsworth.

PORTSMOUTH, Nov 20. Sch Charles Upton, of Ellsworth, after getting ashore twice on the rocks in this harbor, has been towed into New castle badly damaged and her cargo of lumber mostly lost.

BOSTON, Nov 20. Schr Walter Tolman (of Rockland) was damaged in Vineyard Sound to-day in tow of a schooner bound west. She had lost her bowsprit and foremast and her bow was badly stove.

1874. DIARIES! DIARIES!! 1874.

GREAT VARIETY!
CHOICE STYLES!

Select early while our Stock is full.

1y16 WM. O. POOR & SON.

Pay Your Taxes

FOR 1872 and save cost. Also pay your taxes for 1873 and save the discount. I will be at the Assessor's Office, over the store of Oakes Angier, every afternoon in December, (Sundays excepted), between 2 and 5 o'clock of each day.

DANIEL L. PITCHER,
Collector of Taxes.

Belfast, Nov. 5, 1873.

Toilet Goods!

JUST RECEIVED.

Oatmeal Soap!
Aromatic Vegetable Soap!
White Mountain Boug Soap!

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Spanish Lily White!
OPERA PEARLINE, &c.
WM. O. POOR & SON.

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR

Patent Medicine

PURE DRUGS
and CHEMICALS,
FANCY GOODS,
CHOICE CIGARS,
SPONGES, &C.,
—IS AT—

R. H. MOODY'S
Cor. Main and High Streets.

Who has also a large assortment of

TRUSSES and SUPPORTERS,

All of which he offers very cheap for cash. Please call and examine before purching elsewhere.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded.

SELLING OFF AT COST.

MISS JACKSON, SURVIVING PARTNER OF the late firm of Mrs. E. R. Johnson & Co., wishing to close up business, now offers AT COST, at Hayford Block for a few weeks, their entire Stock in trade at retail—consisting of a Choice Line of MILLINERY, DRESS TRIMMINGS and FANCY GOODS, ALL NEW, including Hats in the latest styles, trimmed to order. And a Liberal discount will be made to the Trade.

Call and See our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Oct. 29th, 1873. MISS MARY JACKSON.

Stick and Fancy Candies!

Manufactured at MITCHELL'S for the Wholesale trade.

DATES by the Wholesale

or Retail at MITCHELL'S.

To the Honorable Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, now in session at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo.

RESPECTFULLY REPRESENT the subscribers, Selectmen of the town of Montville, in said County of Waldo, that on the twenty-fifth day of September, last past, pursuant to a notice previously given, they met the selectmen of the town of Liberty, in said County, for the purpose of perpetuating the lines between said towns and renewing the marks and bounds thereon, but that a controversy exists between said parties in renewing and establishing the lines and bounds of said towns; wherefore your petitioners pray your honors that the same may be run by commissioners to be appointed by your honors, and that your honors will appoint Commissioners to run said lines and to ascertain and determine the line or lines in dispute, and describe the same by courses and distances, and mention in their returns suitable monuments or marks for the permanent establishment of such lines.

Dated at Montville, this tenth day of November A. D., 1873.

I. B. THOMPSON, C. P. CARTER, MADISON WHITTEN, } Selectmen of Montville.

WALDO, ss. SUP. JUD. COURT, October Term, 1873.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, That notice of the pendency thereof be given to all parties concerned by serving an attested copy of said petition with this order thereon, upon the clerks of the towns of Liberty and Montville, and by publishing the same in the Republican Journal, a public newspaper published in said County, said publication and each of the other notices to be at least thirty days before the term of this court, next to be holden at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the first Tuesday of January, A. D. 1874, that they may then and there appear and show cause if any they have why the prayer of the petitioners should not be granted.

Attest—W. G. FRYE, Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest—W. G. FRYE.

Commissioner's Notice.

WE THE SUBSCRIBERS, having been appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate, to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of Charles Turner, late of Prospect, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give notice that six months are allowed to said creditors to bring in

The Song Makers.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams;
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three, with a new song's measure,
Can trample a kingdom down.

We in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our singing,
And Babel itself in our mirth;
And overthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth:
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation;
A wondrous thing of our dreaming,
Unearthly, impossible, seeming—
The soldier, the king, and the peasant
Are working together in one,
Till our dream shall become their Present
And their work in the world be done.

They had no vision amazing
Of the goodly house they are raising;
They had no divine foreshowing
Of the land to which they are going:
But one man's soul it hath broken,
A light that doth not depart,
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,
Wrought flame in another man's heart.

And therefore, to-day is thrilling
With past day's late fulfilling;
And the multitudes are enlisted
In the faith that their fathers resisted;
And, scorning the dream of to-morrow,
Are bringing to pass as they may
In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,
The dream that was scorned yesterday.

But we, with our dreams and singing,
Ceaseless and sorrowless we!
The glory about us clinging
Of the glorious futures we see,
Our souls with high music ringing—
O men, it must ever be—
We must dwell in our dreaming and singing
A little apart from ye.

For we are afar with the dawning,
And the suns that are not yet high:
Out of the infinite morning,
Intreput, you hear us cry,—
How, shall ye await human scorning,
Once more God's future draws nigh,
And already goes forth the warning
That ye of the past must die.

Great hall! we cry to the comers
From the dazzling, unknown shore,
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,
And renew our world as of yore;
You shall teach us our song's new numbers,
And things that we dreamed not before,
So, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers
And a singer who sings no more.

Accepted in an Hour.

A correspondent of the Indianapolis Herald, tells the following anecdote of Prof. Foster, who filled with much ability one of the chairs of the faculty of the college in Knoxville, Tennessee.

Prof. Foster was well educated in the sciences usually taught in college, but his ignorance of the common affairs of life rendered him a remarkable man, furnishing a rare subject for the study of human nature in one of its multiform phases. Being advised by some of his friends to get married, he, with childlike faith and simplicity, accepted their advice, and promised to do so if he could find a young lady to have him. They referred him to a number of the best young ladies in the city, any one of whom, they had no doubt, would be willing to accept his hand and make him happy. He was one of the most kind hearted of men, as void of guile as of offence, and an entire stranger to the forms and ceremonies of modern courtship. He couldn't see the necessity of consuming a year or two in popping the question, "Sally will you have me?" So he went that very day to the residence of the nearest young lady who had been commended, and being welcomed and seated in the family circle, as he always was wherever known, he at once made known the object of his visit by saying in a clear and distinct voice:

"Well, Miss Sarah, my friends have advised me to get married, they recommend you and a number of other young ladies to me as suitable persons, and I have now called to see if you are willing to marry me."

Had an earthquake violently shaken the premises, the household could not have been more astonished. Like a frightened roe, Sarah started to run, when her mother caught her and said:

"Why, child don't be frightened, the professor won't hurt you."

Being again seated, a deep blush succeeded the paleness which had been caused by the startling announcement, and she rallied enough to say to the professor that as his proposition was entirely unexpected, she must have some time to consider the matter. This he granted, and said:

"As I am anxious, in case of your refusal, to see the other young ladies to-day I can wait only one hour for your answer."

Knowing the worthiness, sincerity and simplicity of the professor, the matron took her blushing daughter up stairs for consultation, while the father was left to entertain his proposed son-in-law as best he could under the novel circumstances. Of course, the discussion of the sudden proposition between Sarah and her mother was very private, and cannot be given in full. The most essential points of it, however, were told afterward. It was readily admitted that he was entirely worthy of Sarah's hand and heart.

"But, mamma," said Sarah, "how would it look to other people for me to have to give an answer in one short hour—only sixty minutes—jump at a hasty chance—and to think how my young friends would jeer and laugh at me. Wouldn't they tease me to death? No, ma, I can never face that music."

"But stop, my child, and listen to me. There is not a young lady in the city that would not jump at the offer made to you. Let them laugh. Girls must have something to laugh at, but it won't hurt you. Tell him yes, emphatically. If he were a stranger whose antecedents were unknown to us, however prepossessing in person and manners, or profuse in his professions of love, I would withhold my consent. But we have long known him, his moral character is without reproach, he is amiable, kind-hearted and sincere, a fine scholar with an honorable position in the old college, and he makes no false pretences. You know what he is. What more do you want?"

"But, mamma, I don't know that he loves me; he hasn't even said so."

"O, well, daughter, never mind that. Generally those who are loudest in their professions of love have the least of the pure article, you can teach him to love you. It is far better than precept."

Leaning her head upon her mother's bosom, Sarah said, in a submissive tone:

"Well, ma, just as you say—I'll tell him yes; but, although the hour isn't half out, we'll not go down until the last minute of the hour."

At the expiration of the fifty-ninth minute, they returned to the professor and papa. Sarah still blushing, but more calm than before. Then with a calmness that astonished herself as well as her parents, she extended her hand to the professor and said:

"Yes, sir, if papa consents."

He gave his consent without hesitancy, and it was readily agreed by all that the wedding should take place a week from that time. Then Professor Foster, conscious of having done his duty, withdrew to report progress to his friends.

Well, in due time the professor went to the clerk for his license. The clerk informed him that the law required a bond and security in the sum of $1,250, to be void on condition that there was no legal objection to the proposed union of the two persons named. The professor very promptly replied: "Oh, never mind the bond, Mr Clerk; I will pay $1,100 down, and will hand you the balance in a day or two." After further explanation by the clerk, the professor soon complied with the law, and obtained his license.

At the appointed time the wedding came off in the best style of the city, and the company enjoyed the occasion with the greatest zest. The hours flew like birds. As the clock struck twelve the professor picked up his hat and started to his boarding-house. His principal attendant, surmising his intention, followed him to the front door and informed him that matrimonial etiquette required him to stay and board and lodge at the house of his father-in-law until he and his wife wished to live by themselves; that he would be furnished with a room adjacent to Sarah's room in order that if she happened to get thirsty, he might be near to get a drink of fresh water.

In the morning the bride and groom were greeted with the smiles of the family, together with those of some early callers, and inquiries were made if they had slept well. Both responded that they had never slept sounder in their lives, he adding with his childlike simplicity, that he was happy to say Sarah did not call for water during the night. The last remark was quite a riddle to her, and she looked curious, but said nothing, no one venturing to ask him to rise and explain. He did not know that it was a joke played upon him until the attendant told it as such to the company.

Finally the happy couple went to housekeeping, and never were man and wife more heartily congratulated or more highly esteemed than they were. They were the favorites of the city. Never was wife more lovely or husband more kind or devoted, but he didn't know anything about providing for the larder only as Sarah taught him. One little incident may suffice to illustrate. She told him one day to get some rice. He went immediately to the store and told the clerk he wanted to get some rice. "How much?" inquired the clerk. "Oh, not much," said the professor; "I reckon three or four bushels will do for the present." The clerk was very sorry to say they had not so much on hand, but that they would soon have more. The clerk persuaded him to try to make out for a few days with some fifteen or twenty pounds. Sarah and the professor were not the only ones who laughed over the incident. He never called for the three or four bushels afterward.

If the professor and his wife are still living they must be well stricken in years, and if they see this brief sketch of their early lives they will pardon the writer.

How the German Rear-Guard left France.

Presently, as the frontier is neared, the staff halt, and draw to either side of the way, leaving Gen. Manteuffel standing alone. But there has been a little blunder. We are not yet standing on the boundary line. Glumer takes from his holster the inevitable map, and lapses into a study of it which lasts till an orderly happens to note and point out the stones indicating the frontier. All move there, and Manteuffel, with his staff behind him, draws to the right side of the road, the Metz party turning to the left. No crowd had gathered to witness this fall of the drop scene on the terrible war tragedy an event surely all the more thrilling in that it occurs on the very spot where one of the most memorable acts of that tragedy was played out, and within sight of another not less memorable, although not so decisive. On the bank behind Gen. Manteuffel stand two Frenchmen, one in gray the other a countryman in a blouse. These are the only outside spectators. At a signal from Von der Burg, the band burst forth into a crash of triumphant music. At the head of the little party rides brave old Liusingen, the very picture of a cool, collected, easy going, jovial philosopher. There follow him the band, and then the artillery column. The superb bearing of the tambour-major is a sight to see. The band wheels to one side and plays the national anthem while the last company is tramping past. Behind the company comes an ambulance with the red-cross flag of Geneva flying—no inapt emblem of a concluded war—and then a tambrill, in the rear of which marched the last German soldier to quit the soil of France, a solid, broad-faced Brandenburger, who performed a great historical act with all the nonchalance of unconsciousness, and audibly uttered exclamations against the weather, as he marched on. Nevertheless, let me do what I may to furnish the world with particulars concerning this historical character. His name is Augustus Welck, a native of Brandenburg. He is 22 years old, and belongs to the 64th regiment. Was this, then, to be all? Was France to be free and make no sign? By no means. As Welck strode past, the French spectator in gray stopped, picked up a flag-staff, unfurled the tri-color, and with a shout of "Vive la France," waved the banner of France aloft. Manteuffel, who was standing just inside the boundary line, then rode away. As he turned, already French soldiers stood on the frontier line. Gens d'armes, who had been waiting in the adjacent wood, pushed on and formed in double column across the road, in case the Germans should change their minds. But they did not. [Letter to London News.

SMALL TRIALS. The aggregate of trial from small things is greater than from gigantic afflictions. The daily fretting of business, the galling embarrassments of purposes crossed by the counter-purposes of others, are hard to bear because we must bear them always. Every man who stands in organized relations to other men is daily tried by the irritability of a superior, or the intractibility of a subordinate. Women, of all others, especially those who have the care of housekeeping and the management of children, are subject to annoyances much more grevious, in the long run, than the greater sorrows of life. When the child cries, the father, unless he be a paragon of fathers, finds business suddenly calling him down-town; he remembers an important errand at Jones's that he had forgotten, until the cross child refreshes his memory. The mother is a prisoner in her bedlam, and what wonder if sometimes the patience fail, and if, with some long-tried and heavily-burdened soul, heart and hope give out at last? The great heroes are not those who have carried heaviest sorrows meekly, but those men who have endured daily contradictions of people and daily embarrassment of circumstances with meekness; the great heroines are those women that, under the incessant wear and tear of little vexations, have borne in obscurity the flower of patience and the fruit of long-suffering. In great trials there are compensations. All the world of our acquaintance is looking at us, perchance, and the large stage upon which our fortitude or our integrity is exercised affords us some stimulus. Or, at least, our own egotism finds a satisfaction in conscious heroism. But there is a meanness about little cares that shuts out this consolation. The great heroes are not they to whom the world builds monuments, whose memoirs stand on all our shelves. We stumble over their unmarked graves in every cemetery. Only God's transplanting shall reveal them in their glory. [Christian Union.

ADVERTISING IN DULL TIMES. The Milwaukee Wisconsin relates the following:

"After the crash of '57, when everybody was almost scared to death and croakers predicted that the country had gone to smash, a dry goods house was opened in this city, which proceeded on the principle that in order to reach the hoarded money in the pockets of the people the proprietors must sell at very reasonable prices and advertise very largely. They worked vigorously upon this principle. Their brother merchants who did not advertise predicted that the new comers would be ruined, as they paid too much for advertising. Nevertheless, they persisted. In a single year they paid five hundred dollars in gold to the Daily Wisconsin for advertising, and at the end of seven years they retired from business with a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars, while other merchants on the same street, some of them opposite their store, had failed."

We remember a similar instance among our own advertisers in the panic of 1857. A merchant continued his advertisement in our columns through the whole period of stagnation, and notwithstanding many predictions that "it wouldn't pay." His testimony afterwards was that his sales were steady and his profits satisfactory, while many a merchant around him who "couldn't afford to advertise," saw his clerks stand idle behind the counters.

A financial panic does not mean that no one has any money. There is plenty of money in the country, and those who hoard it are just the ones to be eager for the "bargains" which a fall in prices holds out. But to buy they must know where to buy, and the merchant who tells them will receive the cash. [N. Y. Post.

A Western newspaper, wishing to do the hand something by the local doctor, recently made the following announcement: "Dr. Crawford was called, but under his prompt and skillful treatment the young man died Wednesday afternoon." We don't know what the docter said to this; but if the editor of that newspaper is taken sick we advise him not to call in Crawford.

New Advertisements.

RICH FARMING LANDS!
FOR SALE VERY CHEAP!
THE BEST INVESTMENT!
No Fluctuations! Always Improving in Value!
The Wealth of the Country is made up by the Advance in Real Estate.
NOW IS THE TIME!
Millions of acres of the finest land on the Continent, in EASTERN NEBRASKA, now for sale—*many of them never before in the market*—at prices that DEFY COMPETITION.
Five and Ten Years Credit Given with Interest at Six per Cent.
The Land Grant Bonds of the Company taken at par for lands. They can now be purchased at a large discount.
☞Full particulars given, new Guide with new Maps mailed free, by addressing O. F. DAVIS, *Land Commissioner U. P. R. R.*, OMAHA, NEB.

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS.
Agents Wanted.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
Domestic Sewing Machine Co., New York.

$20 SAVED!
To meet the urgent demand of the times the
FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY have determined to
REDUCE PRICES,
and will hereafter sell their $65 Machine for $45, and other styles in proportion.
THE FLORENCE
is the ONLY Sewing Machine that feeds the work backward and forward or to right and left, as the purchaser may prefer. It has been greatly IMPROVED AND SIMPLIFIED, and is far better than any Machine in the market.
IT IS NOW THE CHEAPEST.
Florence, Mass., Nov. 1, '73. Agents Wanted

SAW-MILL MEN, TAKE NOTICE!
FOR BEST SAW GUMMER SEND TO FREY, SHECKLER & CO. BUCYRUS, O.

"SECRET OF SUCCESS IN WALL ST."
32 pages. Bulls, Bears. Profits on "puts and calls," cost $10 to $100. Mailed for stamp by VALENTINE, TUMBRIDGE & Co., Bankers & Brokers, 39 Wall St., N. Y.

WOMEN MEN, Girls and Boys wanted to sell our French and American Jewelry, Books, Games, &c.; in their own localities. No capital needed. Catalogue, Terms, &c., sent FREE. P. O. VICKERY & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$18 a day *guaranteed* to Agents. Address G. M. SULLIVAN & Co., 8 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

$70 A WEEK to Agents everywhere. New Patent. J. D. NESBITT, Foxboro, Mass.

MONEY Made Rapidly with Stencil & Key Check Outfits. Catalogues and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, 112 Hanover St., Boston.

"PSYCHOMANCY, OR SOUL CHARMING." How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose, instantly. This Simple mental acquirement all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cents; together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies, A queer book. 100,000 sold. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

Molasses Cream Candy
Made three times a week at MITCHELL'S

CROCKERY.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT, SELLING LOW AT A. P. MANSFIELD & CO'S., Foot of Main St.

G. E. JOHNSON,
Attorney at Law!
No. 10 Main St., (Second door to right.) Belfast,

ADVERTISER
JOB PRINTING OFFICE
No. 10 Main St., (Up Stairs,) Belfast, Me.
G. W. BURGESS, Proprietor.
☞Orders promptly attended to.☜ 1yr37

GEO. E. WALLACE,
Attorney at Law!
TELEGRAPH BUILDING, Belfast, Me.
☞All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

OWEN G. WHITE
Dealer in
Provisions of all Kinds!
Including Beef, Pork, Lamb, Veal, Poultry, &c., &c. Vegetables in their season, Pickles, Relishes, Canned Provisions.
The best price paid for country produce in his line
Journal Building Belfast. tf2

R. Y. CRIE & CO.
Wholesale Dealers in
Groceries, Grocer's Drugs, Crockery, Wooden Ware, & Co
Rockland, July 1st, 1873.—6m52

D. BUGBEE & CO.,
BOOK SELLERS
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS AND BOOK BINDERS, Bangor, Me. Account Books of every description ruled to pattern, made to order. Piano Music, Magazines, &c., &c., bound with neatness and dispatch. Return freight paid.
☞All orders promptly attended to. 6m52

H. H. CRIE & CO.
Dealers In
Iron and Steel, Blacksmith and Quarry Outfits, Ship Chandlery, Carriage Stock, Fishermen's Goods and Groceries.
Also agents for AMERICAN POWDER CO.
Rockland, July 1st, 1873.—6m52

ELMER SMALL, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon
Belfast, - - - Maine.
OFFICE: Over CALDWELL'S Book Store, Main St.
RESIDENCE: Corner Miller & Congress Sts. tf

LARGE STOCK
—OF—
NEW PATTERNS!
Crockery, Glass Ware, Lamps, &c., at
J. C. THOMPSON'S
Furniture and Crockery Store.

BRADLEY'S
X. L. SUPER PHOSPHATE!
For sale by the Subscriber, at WEST WINTERPORT.
B. PLUMMER.
April 26, 1873.—tf18

NEW STORE!
—AND—
VEST FACTORY
Just opened at Brooks consisting of DRY and FANCY GOODS.
☞PLEASE GIVE US A CALL.☜
S. L. DODGE.
Brooks, Sept. 4.—tf9

Sanborn the Painter
Signs, Show-cards, Etc.
58 MAIN STREET, - - - BELFAST, ME.
6 mos. 17

New Firm.
CATES & STICKNEY dealers in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, STOCK & FINDINGS, respectfully announce to the citizens of Belfast and vicinity that they are now prepared to give as good bargains in the above as can be had in the city, and hope by strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of your patronage.
Gent's calf-boots, sewed or pegged, made to order on short notice. Repairing neatly and promptly done.
No. 28, CUSTOM HOUSE SQUARE.
(Under Journal Office.)
J. C. CATES, Jr., E. L. STICKNEY.
Belfast, May 27, 1873.

RAISINS by the Box or Lb.
At C. H. MITCHELL'S.

GREAT
ATTRACTION!
George W. Burkett & Co.
ARE RECEIVING
FRESH & DESIRABLE GOODS
—BY—
EVERY STEAMER!
DRESS GOODS
This department is replete with all the desirable shades and qualities for Fall and Winter wear.

We have been enabled to secure a large assortment of Dry and Fancy Goods in JOB LOTS, so that Country Traders can secure as good bargains of us as in Boston or New York,—especially in Cottons, Prints, Crashes and Flannels.

We would say to the retail trade that we have made a Large Reduction on all goods in Stock, and goods just arrived we are selling at a SMALLER MARGIN of PROFIT than ever.

We present as usual our celebrated brand of

Beaver Mohairs!
Unsurpassed for Brilliancy of Lustre and Quality.

To each purchaser of a Dress Pattern we give one of our
PEERLESS DOMESTIC PAPER PATTERNS

FELT SKIRTS
That were selling for $2.50 now retailing for $2.00.

WATERPROOFS!
That were selling for $1.50 now retailing at $1.25. Cut Free of Charge or a Paper Pattern given to each purchaser.

SHAWLS!
A splendid stock of these goods have just been received, and as there has been a break in the prices of them we have secured a large lot just in time.

FLANNELS.
Every grade in stock at REDUCED PRICES. Shirt Flannels that were selling for 50c now retailing for 40c. Flannels that were sold for 17c now selling for 12 1-2c.

GENTS' FLANNEL
For Underwear. A large assortment on hand Selling Cheap, and the Gents would do well to examine our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

BLANKETS
Cheap! Very Cheap! Cheaper than ever. Cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere.

Remnant Prints
Constantly on hand.

FEATHERS!
A large lot received. We sell our best quality for 90c per lb., former price $1.25.

Domestic Yarn Wanted

G. W. BURKETT & CO.,
Hayford Block, - Church St.,
BELFAST.

GIFT ENTERPRISE
The only Reliable Gift Distribution in the Country!
L. D. SINE'S TWENTIETH
Grand Annual Distribution!
To be Drawn Thursday, January 1st, 1874.
$200,000 00
IN VALUABLE GIFTS.
GRAND CAPITAL PRIZE,
$20,000 IN GREENBACKS!
ONE GRAND CASH PRIZE,
$10,000 IN GREENBACKS!
ONE CASH PRIZE $5,000 in GREENBACKS
One Prize $3000
Six Prizes $1000
Ten Prizes $500
PAID IN GREENBACKS
2500 Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches (in all,) worth from $20 to $300.
Coin Silver Vest Chains, Solid and Double-plated Silver-ware, Jewelry, &c., &c.
Whole number Gifts 25,000!
Tickets limited to 100,000!
AGENTS WANTED to SELL TICKETS to whom Liberal Premiums will be paid.
Single Tickets $2; Six Tickets $10; Twelve Tickets $20; Twenty-five $40.
Circulars containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the Distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them. All letters must be addressed to MAIN OFFICE,
L. D. SINE, Box 86,
101 W. Fifth St. Cincinnati, O.

PROBATE NOTICES.

To the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Waldo.

CALVIN W. SHERMAN, Guardian of Georgia M. Farrow, minor heir of George Farrow, late of Islesboro, in said County, deceased, respectfully represents that said minor is seized of certain real estate, situate in said Islesboro, consisting of an undivided third part of about 80 acres of land, being a part of the homestead of said George deceased, and subject to the life interest of Dolly W. Farrow; that an advantageous offer has been made for said minor's interest in said real estate, to wit: three hundred dollars by Maria Hatch, of said Islesboro, which offer it is for the benefit of all concerned immediately to accept, the proceeds to be put on interest for the benefit of said minor.

Wherefore your petitioner prays your honor to grant him a license to sell and convey said real estate of said minor, (including the reversion of the widow's dower thereon,) to said Hatch for said sum.

CALVIN W. SHERMAN.

At a Court of Probate held at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the second Tuesday of November, A. D. 1873.

Upon the foregoing Petition, Ordered, That the petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, a paper printed at Belfast, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office in Belfast aforesaid, on the second Tuesday of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

ASA THURLOUGH, Judge.

A true Copy. Attest—B. P. FIELD, Register.

To the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Waldo.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Guardian of Henry S. Bullen, a minor child and heir at law of Moses Bullen, late of Swanville, in said County, deceased, respectfully represents that said minor is seized and possessed of certain real estate, situate in Swanville, in said County, consisting of the homestead of said deceased, about sixty-five acres with the buildings thereon. That an advantageous offer has been made for the same, to wit: the sum of seven hundred dollars by John W. Nickerson, of Swanville, aforesaid, which offer it will be for the interest of all concerned immediately to accept that the proceeds may be put at interest.

Wherefore your petitioner prays your honor to grant her a license to sell and convey to said John W. Nickerson, said real estate for said sum.

PHEBE A. STAPLES, Guardian.

At a Probate Court held at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the second Tuesday of November, A. D. 1873.

Upon the foregoing Petition, Ordered, That the petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, a paper printed at Belfast, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Belfast, aforesaid, on the second Tuesday of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

ASA THURLOUGH, Judge.

A true copy. Attest—B. P. FIELD, Register.

At a Probate Court held at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the second Tuesday of November, A. D., 1873.

JULIA C. TURNER, Administratrix of the estate of Charles Turner, late of Stockton, in said County of Waldo, deceased, having presented her first account of administration on said estate for allowance.

Ordered, That the said Admx. give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, printed at Belfast, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Belfast, within and for said County, on the second Tuesday of December next, at ten of the clock before noon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

ASA THURLOUGH, Judge.

A true copy. Attest—B. P. FIELD, Register.

At a Probate Court held at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the second Tuesday of November, A. D., 1873.

SYLVANUS T. EDGECOMB, named executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament and codicil of Aaron Edgecomb, late of Lincolnville, in said County of Waldo, deceased, having presented said will and codicil for Probate.

Ordered, That the said Sylvanus give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, printed at Belfast, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Belfast, within and for said County, on the second Tuesday of December next, at ten of the clock before noon, and show cause, if any they have why the same should not be proved, approved and allowed.

ASA THURLOUGH, Judge.

A true copy. Attest—B. P. FIELD, Register.

At a Probate Court held at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the second Tuesday of November, A. D., 1873.

JOHN GREELY, Administrator of the estate of Alexander Dow, late of Palermo, in said County of Waldo, deceased, having presented his final account of Administration on said estate for allowance, together with his private claim.

Ordered, That the said Admr. give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, printed at Belfast, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Belfast, within and for said County, on the second Tuesday of December next, at ten of the clock before noon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

ASA THURLOUGH, Judge.

A true copy. Attest—B. P. FIELD, Register.

At a Probate Court held at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the second Tuesday of November, A. D. 1873.

SUSAN P. HARRIMAN, widow of Dearborn Harriman, late of Prospect, in said County of Waldo, deceased, having presented a petition that Administration on said estate may be granted to Albert Harriman, of said Prospect.

Ordered, That the said Susan P. give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three week successively in the Republican Journal, printed at Belfast, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Belfast, within and for said County, on the second Tuesday of December next, at ten of the clock before noon, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

ASA THURLOUGH, Judge.

A true copy. Attest—B. P. FIELD, Register.

At a Probate Court held at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the second Tuesday of November, A. D., 1873.

LEWIS W. PENDLETON, named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of William H. Conner, late of Belfast, in said County of Waldo, deceased, having presented said will for Probate.

Ordered, That the said Pendleton give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, printed at Belfast, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Belfast, within and for said County, on the second Tuesday of December next, at ten of the clock before noon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be proved, approved and allowed.

ASA THURLOUGH, Judge.

A true copy. Attest—B. P. FIELD, Register.

At a Probate Court held at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the second Tuesday of November, A. D., 1873.

WM. G. CROSBY & OTHERS, Trustees under the will of Nathaniel Wilson, late of Belfast, in said County of Waldo, deceased, having presented their eighth account of Trusteeship for allowance.

Ordered, That the said Crosby & others give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, printed at Belfast, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Belfast, within and for said County, on the second Tuesday of December next, at ten of the clock before noon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

ASA THURLOUGH, Judge.

A true copy. Attest—B. P. FIELD, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the estate of

JOHN KINGSBURY, late of Frankfort, in the County of Waldo, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to said deceased's estate to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same for settlement to him.

MARK S. STILES.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator, of the estate of

HANNAH H. FLYE, late of Freedom, in the County of Waldo, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to said deceased's estate to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same for settlement to him.

GEORGE H. FLYE.

A Valuable Farm for Sale!
The subscriber offers for sale her farm containing about 100 acres of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the town of Searsport, on the shore road leading from Belfast to Searsport, about three miles from Belfast, and two miles from Searsport village. This farm has no superior as regards natural advantages in this vicinity. It has a variety of good soils—is well watered—has a good fishing and shore privilege—is well wooded, and is suitably divided into mowing, pasture and tillage land. There are about 80 apple trees on the farm. The buildings are a one story house, L and woodshed connected, a barn 40 feet square with carriage and wood house joining. Will also sell a substantial riding wagon, a working wagon, a good harness, two sleighs and a plough.
For further information inquire of the subscriber on the premises. SARAH J. HOUSTON.
Searsport, Sept. 27, 1873. 13

Pay Your Taxes for 1873.
ALL PERSONS wishing to pay their taxes on or before the 15th day of August and receive the five per cent. discount, can do so by calling on me at the Assessor's office, over the store of Oakes Angier, every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons between 2 and 5 o'clock, of each week.
DANIEL L. PITCHER,
Belfast, July 8, 1873. Collector of Taxes.

COCOA NUT CAKES
Fresh every week at MITCHELL'S

"IS THERE NO BALM IN GILEAD."
Yes, a Balm for every ache and pain,
That cures the sick and heals the lame

Balm of Gilead Oil
For flesh wounds, sores of all kinds on man or beast,
To the public it seems a regular feast.
TO GET A BOTTLE OF THE
Balm of Gilead Oil
For coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness, colic, cholera morbus, it can't be beat.
None better for rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, bruises, diarrhoea and frosted feet.
Balm of Gilead Oil
Yes, use the Balm of Gilead Oil,
Let all quack medicine alone.
On the shoulder of each bottle find
The name of H. J. STEVENS blown. 6m15

A BAND IN EVERY VILLAGE
is, or is soon to be, and the mellow notes of him who practices the Cornet is heard all over the land. So be in haste, in the fashion, and in season, and purchase the best sounding
Cornets, Altos, Basses,
or any other Band Instrument, which with
Violins, Guitars, Flutes,
all Orchestral, in fact all instruments in common use, Violin and Guitar Strings, and all Musical Merchandise will be found in plenty, variety, and at reasonable prices, at the store of
J. C. HAYNES & CO.,
33 Court St., Boston.
[Opp. the Court House.]

CRUMBS OF COMFORT
Are a modern stove polish, far better than any other in existence. Are better, because they give a FINER GLOSS than any other polish.
Yield a brilliant silvery sheen, with less than half the labor required when other polishes are used.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT
Are a neat and cleanly article, making no dirt nor dust when used. Can be used even in the parlor without the trouble of removing furniture or carpets.
Has no disagreeable sulphurous or strong acid smell when prepared for use, but are pleasant and harmless.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT
Are put up in neat style and in a form more convenient for use than any other polish. In each box are 12 sticks—3 sticks sufficient for any stove, thus all waste is saved.
Are the cheapest polish in the market, because one box at 10 cents will polish as much surface as 25 cents' worth of the old polishes.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT
Have just taken the 1st premium at the Indianapolis Exposition, in competition with several of the best of the old stove polishes.
Buy CRUMBS OF COMFORT of your storekeeper, if he has them, or will procure them for you, if not, send us one dollar, your name, and the name of your nearest express station and we will send you ten boxes, and samples of Barnett's Blacking and Pearl Bluing, free of cost.
CRUMBS OF COMFORT can be had of all Wholesale Grocers and Dealers in the United States, and Retail Dealers will find them the most profitable, from the fact that they are the fastest selling article of the kind in the market.
H. A. BARTLETT & CO.
115 North Front St., Philadelphia.
143 Chambers St., New York.
43 Broad St., Boston 6m4scom

REMEMBER
The 3d of December!
Those who propose investing, (and who does not?) in tickets for the
FOURTH GRAND GIFT CONCERT
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
Public Library of Kentucky!
Which comes off in Louisville, on the 3d of December next, have no time to lose.
ONLY 60,000 TICKETS
HAVE BEEN ISSUED AND
12,000 Cash Gifts!
AMOUNTING TO
$1,500,000
WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AS FOLLOWS
LIST OF GIFTS:

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		$250,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		100,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		50,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		25,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		12,500
10 CASH GIFTS	$10,000 each	100,000
30 CASH GIFTS	5,000 each	150,000
50 CASH GIFTS	1,000 each	50,000
80 CASH GIFTS	500 each	40,000
100 CASH GIFTS	400 each	40,000
150 CASH GIFTS	300 each	45,000
250 CASH GIFTS	200 each	50,000
925 CASH GIFTS	100 each	92,500
11,000 CASH GIFTS	50 each	550,000

Whole Tickets, $50. Coupons, Tenths, $5.
ELEVEN TICKETS FOR $500.
For tickets or information, address
THOS. E. BRAMLETTE,
Agent Public Library Kentucky, Louisville, Ky., or
THOS. H. HAYS & CO.,
1w18 609 Broadway, N. Y.

CLARKE'S NEW METHOD PIANO-FORTE
HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALED.
Teaches practical piano playing and theoretical music thoroughly.
Clarke's New Method for the Piano-Forte carries the pupil by easy gradations to the highest practical results.
Sent by Mail, Price, $8.75.
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Nettings & Net Fittings.

Salmon, Shad,
Bass & Smelt
Nettings,
Of best quality and lowest prices, always in stock. ORDERS FILLED AT SHORT NOTICE. Give us a call before deciding elsewhere.
H. & G. W. LORD,
111 COMMERCIAL ST.,
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New Shellbarks
At MITCHELL'S.

A. B. C. D.
A GREAT DISCOVERY!
ASTHMA CONSUMPTION
ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM
CROUP COLDS
AN UNFAILING REMEDY prepared from the best known roots and herbs in the world.
SAMPLE AND CIRCULAR FREE TO ALL
AT THE DRUG STORES.
Why should a man cough till his eyes fill with tears,
And strangle and strain till they start from their spheres
Till his throat is all sore, and so raw that it bleeds,
When Adamson's Cough Balsam is all that he needs?
No medicine yet that has ever been sold
Is equal to this for the cure of a cold;
All difficult breathing and tightness of chest
Is promptly relieved, and the patient has rest.
Go, tell the afflicted and send all that you meet,
That it is made by Frank Kinsman, Water Street,
Where he keeps for sale, the cure of all ills,
His Elixir for Rheumatism, and Adamson's Pills.
Price 25 and 75 cents. Large bottles the cheapest.
F. W. KINSMAN, PROP'R.
Water Street, - - - - Augusta, Maine.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. 1yr36ow

CATARRH!
A Woman Having Catarrh 35 Years, Cured.
And Droppings in Throat, Chokings, Strangulings, Pains in the Side, Loins, Headache, Dizziness and General Weakness, Cured by less than Three Bottles of the
CONSTITUTIONAL
CATARRH REMEDY
To Messrs. LITTLEFIELD & Co., Proprietors of *Constitutional Catarrh Remedy*, Manchester, N. H.
I reside at Manchester, N. H